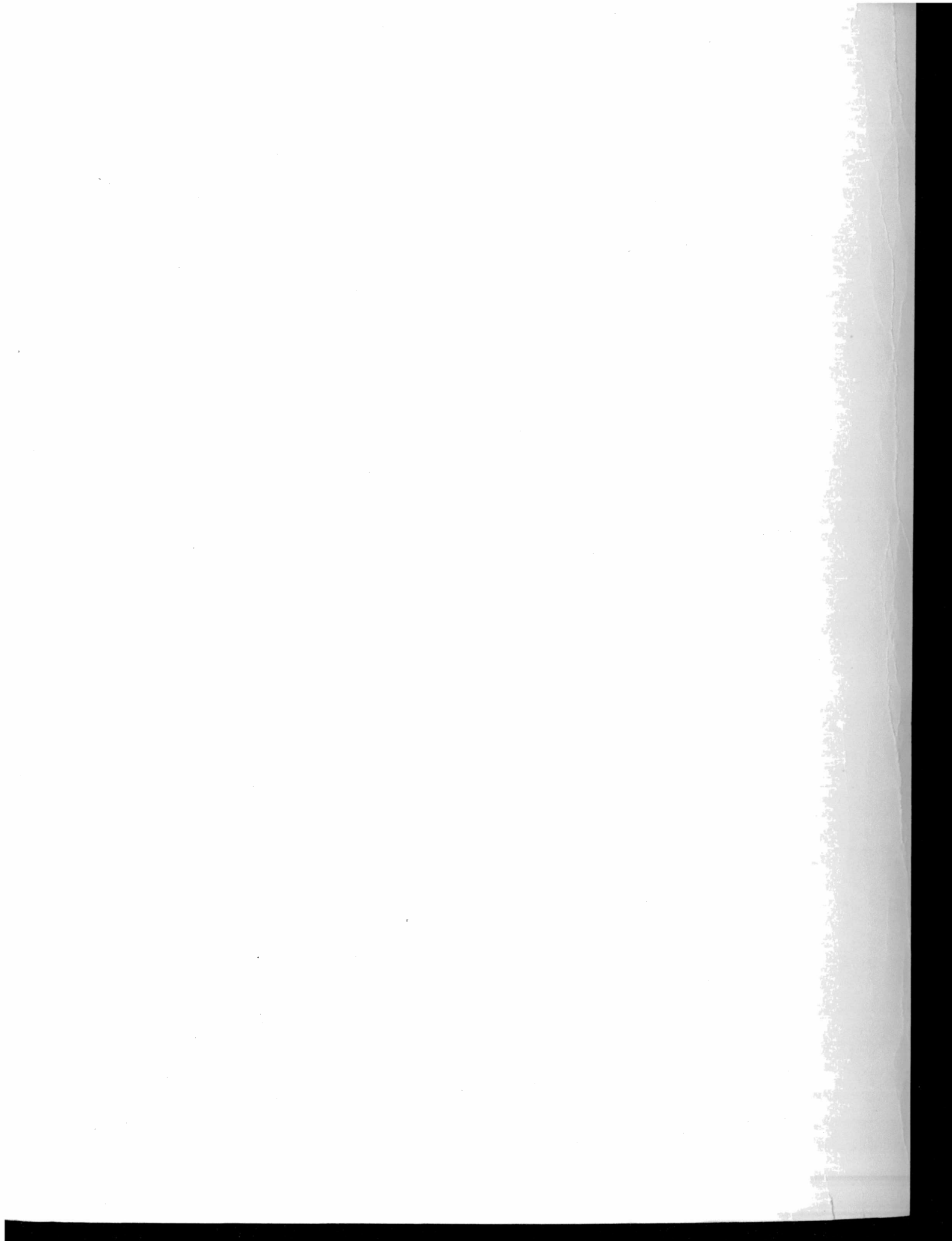
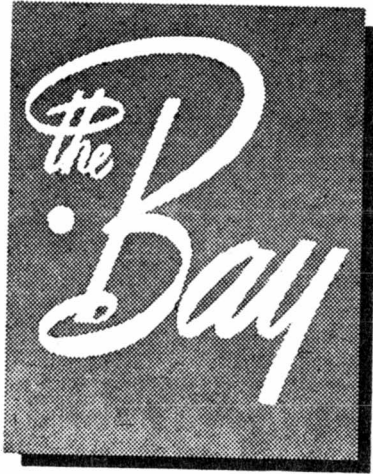


1754-
1955

Henry Ford





Working with
and for
Sarnia

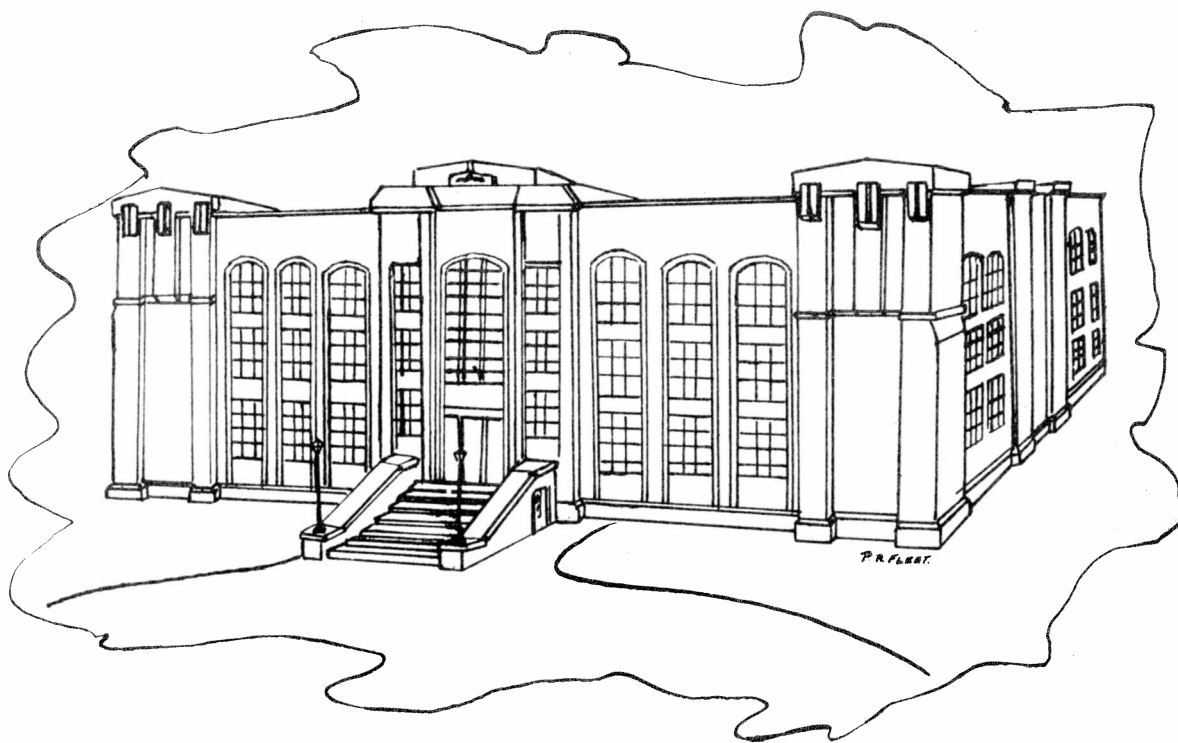


*Congratulations
to the Graduates
of '55*

BEST WISHES TO THE STUDENT BODY
OF S. C. I. & T. S.



POLYMER CORPORATION LIMITED



Ad Astra Annual

40th Annual Edition

Published by the students of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute
and Technical School

SCHOOL MOTTO	SIC ITUR AD ASTRA
SCHOOL COLOURS	BLUE AND WHITE
EDITOR	ORMOND KEMP
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DEDICATION



Mr. Coles

Mr. Coles is an honour graduate of Queen's University majoring in mathematics. He also holds a Master of Education degree from Harvard and won a membership in the Royal Society of Teachers while at the University of London, an honour which very few Canadian teachers have achieved.

He has taught in Virden, Manitoba and Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. In Ontario he has been on the staff at Prescott and Galt and, of course, Sarnia.

He came to S.C.I. and T.S. in September 1924, and during his tenure here has served as both vice-principal and head of the Commercial Department.

During the summer Mr. Coles visits Boston and Parry Sound.

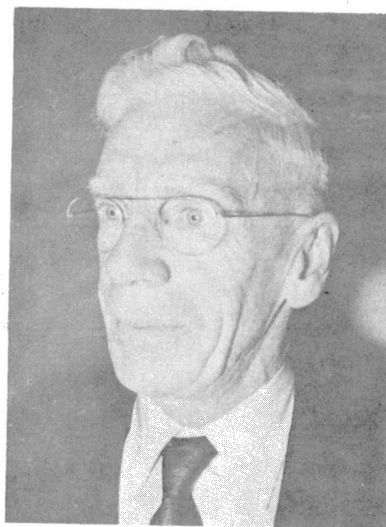
Mr. Asker graduated from the University of New Brunswick with a B.Sc. degree. After his graduation he moved to the U.S. where he worked for the Interborough Rapid Transit of New York City on subway construction.

His career was interrupted by World War I during which he served overseas with the Royal Canadian Engineers.

He returned to Canada in 1919 and entered the drafting department of General Electric at Peterborough. Even then he showed a flair for teaching, since he coached many of G.E.'s drafting apprentices in his spare time.

Mr. Asker joined the staff of S.C.I. & T.S. when it was a brand new school in 1922 and has been here ever since.

His favourite pastime used to be hockey; now he spends his summer golfing and his winters curling.



Mr. Asker

We, of Sarnia Collegiate, feel deeply honoured to have two teachers of the fine character and great wisdom in Mr. Coles and Mr. Asker.

It is a great privilege and honour to be able to dedicate this yearbook to Mr. Coles and Mr. Asker.



*When she's the most . .
You'll want the best . .*

**and that's FLOWERS to
say what words cannot**



SARNIA RETAIL FLORISTS' ASSOCIATION

PRAILL'S FLOWER SHOP

SAVAGE FLOWER SHOP

HILDA'S FLOWER SHOP

MACKLIN'S FLOWER SHOP

McKELLAR'S FLOWER SHOP

FOREWORD



Thirty-three years ago, the doors of our present building were opened wide, and a new life began. Since that time thousands of its students have joined together to form a glorious company, creating new hopes, new ideals, new traditions. Now we have come to the place where we have outgrown ourselves. In September, 1955, another new life will begin. A new secondary school, known as "Central Collegiate Institute", will open its doors at that time.

This year our enrolment reached a new peak of approximately 1,900 students. To accommodate this number it has been necessary to hold classes from 8.15 a.m. to 5.15 p.m. This has caused many hardships for students, parents and teachers alike.

In spite of this, our school has carried on in a noble manner and in most respects has been able to uphold the traditions of old.

With the opening of the new school, new traditions, new hopes, new ideals will be born. What a glorious opportunity for those who will have the privilege of becoming a part of this new life! May they rise to the occasion.

May we all, both new and old, always live up to the opportunities that our ours, in order that we may, together, make better citizens of ourselves, and better world in which to live.

Sic itur ad astra.

J. E. Johnston, Principal.

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*Bring Greetings to the 1955 Ad Astra Annual Magazine Staff
and to all the Readers of this Publication*

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In Memoriam

Late in nineteen hundred and fifty-four one of our most beloved and respected teachers passed away. His death was a blow to those he led in our school orchestra and band, and to all who knew him. It will be hard indeed to find a man to replace

MR. WILLIAM BRUSH

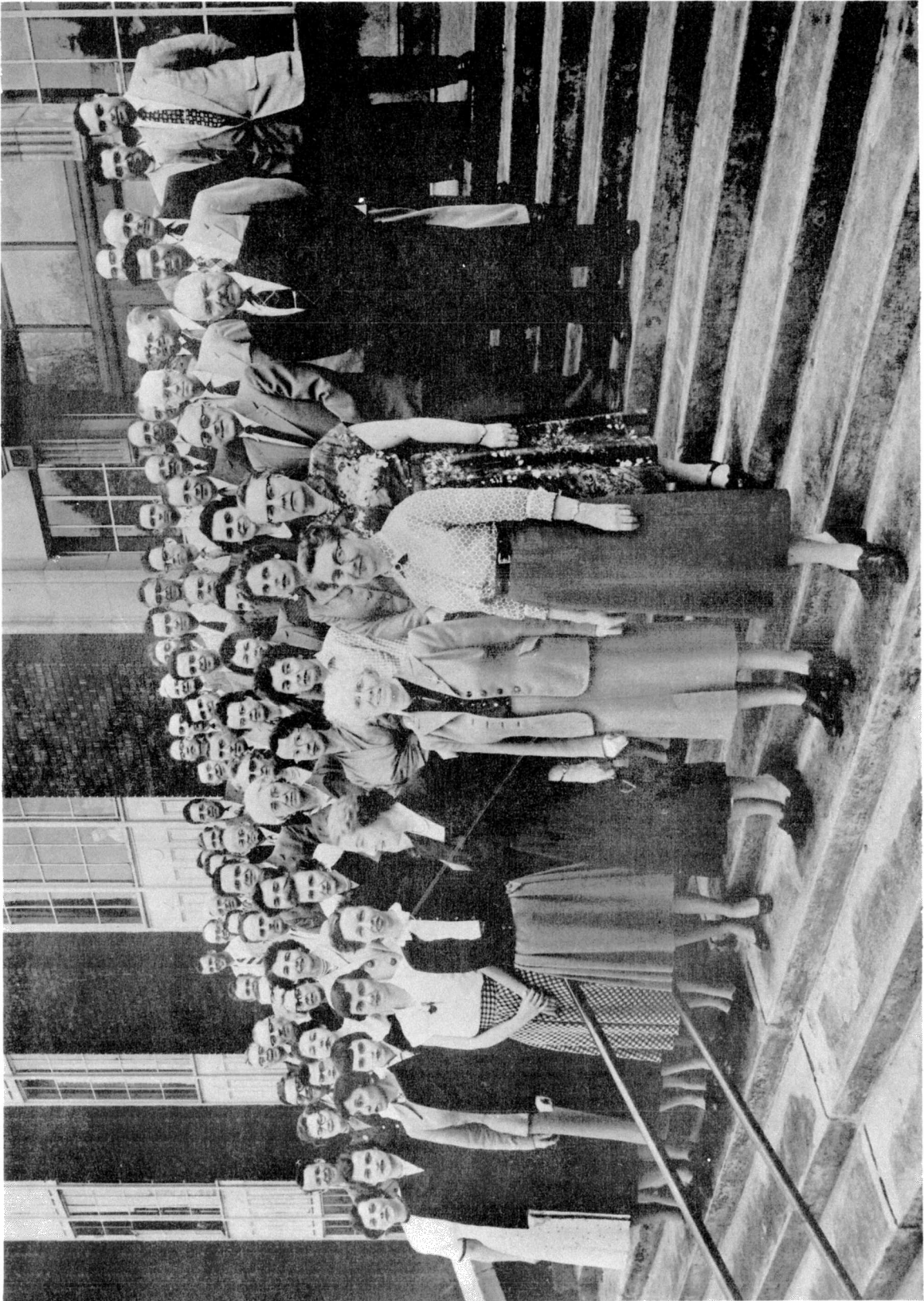
Thanks to the Janitors . .

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W. PERRY
E. TANCOCK

B. DAWS
W. DUNCAN
H. SCARROW
G. JOHNS

M. DOBROSKI
F. CHAPPLE

And a special mention of Mrs. Lillian Leak who, after twenty-three years of service, has retired. Our thanks to all the staff!!



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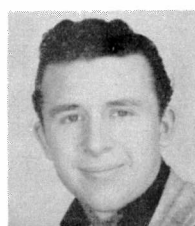
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FORM NEWS



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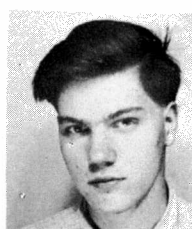
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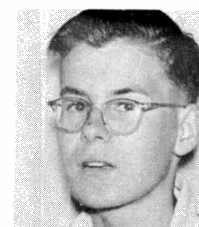
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*Congratulations
Graduates of '55*

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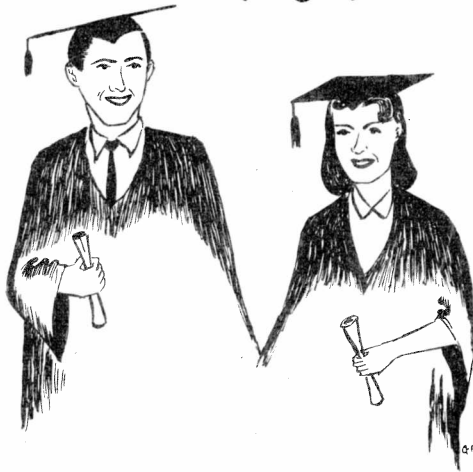
chemicals basic to Canadian living



Graduates



PIDER



GENERAL DEPARTMENT

FORM 13A

Miss Martin

ED FRASER

Tall, dark and handsome aptly describes Ed. Well liked by both teachers and students, he combines friendliness and a sense of humor with a studious nature. Ed has been prominent in the Scits show and in curling, being on the Ontario Schoolboy Championship team for the past two years. Ed will continue his education at Queen's University.



ORMOND "AL" KEMP (Editor Ad Astra)

Al is a very active participant in many of the school activities, as a member of the Key Club, Drama Club, Scits Club and Soccer team. To wind up his army cadet career, he was chosen as the all round cadet of '54. He takes a most active part in a "kilted" Rover Crew. In his final year, he was compelled to drop French, for it interfered with his "uke" lessons.

MARGARET RUSSELL

Undoubtedly one of 13's best liked girls! Truly blonde, truly swell. Muggs combines a terrific personality with a timely wit to win many friends. She has been a cheerleader, wardrobe mistress for Scits Revue, 'Y' Hostess and Student's Council representative. Teacher's College may be next, who knows? Muggs doesn't.



BILL HORLEY

Bill is one of the finest basketball players ever turned out at S.C.I. He is also adept at all other major sports. Bill is also an excellent student and a diligent worker. Although studying to be a chemical engineer, he might sign up with the Minneapolis Lakers if he ever reaches six feet in height.

ROD BROWN

Curling, Scits and Students' Council are among Rod's main activities. Rod plans to enter Western next year and with that wit and personality how can he miss? His pitfalls are the eternal blondes, brunettes and redheads, and his pet peeve is being mistaken for a teacher. Rod will graduate this year so look out Western.



JESSIE HARDY

Here is a great gal for some guy! Jessie has spent hours of time in various homemaking clubs including a Bird Club. She is one of the few who learned to swim in "three easy lessons". For borrowers, Jessie has Chemistry notes. This quiet friendly person is going in training for a Therapist.

DONALD ANDERSON

Don, a confirmed bachelor and future Willie Hoppe, has left his noisy mark in S. C. I. & T. S. as the "quiet" man in O. C. Dennis's physics class. However, as a result of subjection to R. R.'s anecdotes and theories, he is learning little physics. In spite of this, he is destined to become a nuclear physicist through studies at U. of W. O. next year.



ELIZABETH YOUNG

Elizabeth's bubbling spirit is so contagious that soon everyone around her is smiling. Jeane's All Girl Choir just couldn't do without her. For two years Elizabeth was the secretary of the Sarnia Junior Institute. Now she is president of her Y.P.U. Elizabeth plans to attend Teacher's College this fall.

STANLEY PERCIVAL

Percy, "the pride of 13-A", who mixes a little schoolwork with his extra-curricular activities, is one of the most versatile students of S.C.I. He is an amateur photographer, actor, world traveller and sportsman, and his name can be found high on the roster of many clubs, and organizations. He is a good student, hard-working, and always available with a helping hand.



BILL LOGIE

In an unassuming manner, Bill Logie has left his mark at S.C.I. Bill, quiet but popular, has been outstanding scholastically as well as in sports; notably, swimming, volleyball, basketball and the more hazardous sport of driving Buicks. His escapades at Sauble Beach and Toronto seem to have influenced his decision to attend U.T. next year.

RON "MOCHA" FLECK

Those who know Ron will immediately think of his great dislike of girls, even though he has a lifetime lease to the back seat of Earle Wineburg's car, and always buys two show tickets so he'll have a place to put his coat. Seriously, his quiet, serious manner, and good taste in clothes make him an outstanding figure in any class.

**GEORGE "SHOULDERS" GRABOVE**

This boy is known for his great acting brought to light by his version of Shakespeare in Miss Howden's room. In the final years his artistic drawings won him the position of art editor. George may be found in the evenings either in the rear booth of the Crystal asking somebody to pass the life-savers or travelling up and down Indian Road.

**SANDRA PIRIE**

Every morning Sandra flits into class with a cheery smile and a lively tune. Her extra supply of grey matter and convincing power, influence classes and add to the sessions of the drama club and magazine staff. At present Northwestern University and dentistry are her main topics of conversation.

**HILDA FEENSTRA**

Hilda's ready smile and pleasant wit have won her many friends, especially the right to sit beside the driver of a green and yellow "Olds". As far as we know, this lucky girl is the only one who has spent a summer in Holland. Her outside activities include work in the Young People's Society and bowling.

**BOB HARDMAN**

Bob, who hails from Montreal, is a fine addition to old S.C.I. His witty remarks have given all who know him a new outlook on life and 13. Upon graduating this year he plans to attend Queen's and study engineering.

**DOUG PROKOPEC**

Doug is well liked by everyone. His amusing remarks in Trig., are the spark of the class. When not taking cash at the "Crystal" he is studying to become an M.D. He is interested in all sports, and his ambition is to reach a height of six feet.

**ERNIE ELLENOR**

Ernie, one of our best track men, in 1952 and 1953, was a member of the S. C. I. track team and won honourable mention at the W.O.S.S. A. track meet in London. He is a very likeable chap and always has a ready smile. His main ambition is to get his grade 13 graduation diploma.

**RONALD MARCY**

This student's name should be well known to all; by experience, OR paternal repute. Although he has been the treasurer of the Key Club for four years, the books have balanced every year? The saviour of several poor math students, he intends to make this his life work. It is evident that 311 will remain in the family for at least one more generation.

**BOB "KNOB" DONALD**

"Broadway Bob" has travelled a great deal and this accounts for his burning ambition to become a chemist and get away from the farm. Apart from school work his extra curricular activities are mainly taken up at the local pool hall or playing for the "Junior Farmers".

**CAROL MARSH**

Carol, our quiet chemistry genius brightens up many a class with her smile. French done or not, she remains calm, cool and collected. There are times when she becomes too calm, such as when she takes quick naps in biology class. When the patients at the Metropolitan Hospital in Windsor start refusing to go home, you'll know that Carol has started her nursing career.

**JIM BROWN**

No girl in S.C.I. & T.S. ever managed to tie a knot in "Slim Jim" because James was too busy toting a rifle in the local Foreign Legion or tilting a cue at the neighborhood emporium. "Brownie" couldn't quite make the "402 Club" so he joined the "407 Club" till he comes of age. Everyone who knows Jim realizes a friend in need is Jim indeed.

**GENE FLEET****HENRY SAVA**

FORM 13B

Mr. Southcombe

BEVERLY FINCH

Bev's vivacious personality and her above average marks have made her an outstanding student in both academic and extra-curricular activities of the school. She is a past member of the G.A.A. and at present plays the piano for a local dance studio, is keenly interested in girls' sports and is an active and enthusiastic member of Students' Council.



EMERSON WILSON

Emmie is a short stalky fellow with a great sense of humor. He takes his school work very seriously. His dead-pan expression would cause the most serious person to laugh. He is often seen at the Sarnia Golf Course and his ambition is to become Sam Snead's caddy.

BARBARA DUSTAN

This "pert and purty" Mooretown lass presented a dangerous figure on the football field as captain of the cheerleading squad. Dangerous seems to be just the word for her as history students will agree. Her flashing smile and sparkling brown eyes have probably confused more biology students than even Mr. Treitz's biological terminology.



GORDON "CHAUNCEY" CAMERON

Gord, when not trying to convince Mr. Watson his crib isn't a "Web of Inaccuracies" is disagreeing with Sava's answers in Literature class. Besides being an understudy of Al Capp, this year's Key Club President has the distinction of being the only Grade 13 Greek student. Gord is planning a career in Archaeology.

BOB "SILENT" HILLABY

Bob will be remembered around S. C.I. & T.S. for his hard working initiative. For three years Bob was the star breast-stroke speed swimmer for S.C.I. & T.S. His main ambition in life is to pass Trig. If and when he lives up to this ambition he is going to attend University and study Accountancy.



JUNE POLLARD

There are two sides to June's character. The first is the hard-working student who always makes good marks, is President of the Drama Club and plans to continue studying languages at Toronto. When her second personality holds sway, June passes her time in doing the Bunny Hop on church roofs and following the adventures of her favorite comic character "Pogo".

JEAN GUISE

The personification of "the nicest things come in small packages". At school, you can find her with piles of books (plus one small dictionary), at the Camera Club, or folk-dancing, but nowhere near the swimming pool. Her little Sunday School boys and her one big boy keep her occupied in Corunna.



RON "WALLY" WALENIUS

A football centre on the Blue Bombers and guard on the Silver Streaks. He's a familiar face around the school. He's a member of the Leader Corps and will enter Queen's Engineering next year. He's a real cool sugarfoot on the dance floor. Ron should be in line for lots of success.

RICHARD "DICK" SCOTT

Since coming from Watford High, Dick has secured many friends. He has a keen interest in sports especially hockey, and attends Young People's regularly. He can be found any noon hour in the assembly hall supposedly doing last night's homework. His aspiration is to be an agricultural chemist, but likely he will end up, as one of these so called educated farmers.



ALBERT KAMPSTRA

Albert is one of the fellows who is well liked by all his fellow classmates. He takes great interest in all sports, mainly swimming and hockey. His punctuality and ability to do mathematical problems are assets which will surely help to further his schooling. The teachers of S.C.I. & T.S. can depend on his doing their assignments.

RON KILBOURNE

A newcomer to our school, Ron came to S.C.I. & T.S. from Wallaceburg District High School on October 1, 1954. Although surrounded by strange faces and customs, our new friend soon became well acquainted with the girls in biology class. Planning a course at Normal, Ron hopes to return to Wallaceburg as a wood-work instructor.

**JACK BRITNEY**

Jack is one of the more quiet boys of Grade 13, and is a friend of everyone. He likes sports very much and at one time or another has participated in football, hockey, baseball and curling. He plans to get his degree at O.A.C. and go on into agricultural work.

**GAIL FINCH**

Her friendly smile and lively personality have made Gail an ideal student. In girls' sports and as an active member of the Girls' Athletic, she has set a good example, both in competition and in sportsmanship. With her twin, Gail shares an enthusiasm for the piano, a valuable asset when she becomes a kindergarten teacher after attending London Normal School next year.

**RALPH RODNEY****RICHARD PIPER****RON WELCH****RAY ST. JOHN****GRANT HOPKINS****DICK BRYAN****FORM T-12A***Mr. Topper***JACK BANKS**

Asset: Good looks and money?
Saying: "Don't kid me George."
School Activity: Head of the Wax Scratching Dept. for Com-te-Colls
Aversion: Work
Pastime: Tennis ball collector at Tennis Club of Sarnia.
Ambition: He doesn't know what the word means.
Destiny: Only time will tell.

**DONALD CRAWFORD**

Asset: Sleek, reliable, Model "A"
Saying: "We got lots of time"
Aversion: Monday to Friday
Pastime: Wine, women and song
Ambition: Profitable occupation with no work
Destiny: Grad in 1965

**BOB BERGLUND**

Asset: '54 Chev (?)
Aversion: Part-time girl friends
Pastime: Marilynne
Ambition: Architect
Destiny: Laying tile floors and driving a Ford Ranch Wagon

**DONALD "DAB" DABONOVICH**

Asset: 275 lbs.
Saying: "Have you got any gum?"
Aversion: Big bullies
Pastime: Nearest Pool Room
Ambition: Welder
Destiny: P. C.'s Tip cleaner



ERIC "AIRWICK" HADDON

Asset: Oh. That cute nose
 Saying: "I'll betcha!!!"
 School Activity: Playing right end on school Twelve
 Aversion: Trying to comb his hair like Donnie Ward
 Pastime: Bartender and Chauffeur at Junior Legionaires parties
 Ambition: To follow in steps of brother Ollie, at Polymer
 Destiny: Taking off with Tussy to paint the boards at the Arena

**ALLAN HELWIG**

Asset: Royal Enfield motorcycle
 Saying: "Think she'll work"
 Aversion: Harley Davidsons
 Pastime: Repairing his motorcycle
 Ambition: Big time driver
 Destiny: Installing TV aerials

**ALEX IRWIN**

Asset: '41 Ford
 Saying: "I'll race yuh"
 Aversion: Lateslips
 Pastime: A certain "P.S."
 Ambition: Welder
 Destiny: Writing M.T. on cylinders

**JOHN KOZACHUK**

Asset: '53 Ford (Real Hot Buggy)
 Saying: "Son of a Moose"
 Aversion: Cops
 Pastime: Canadian blondes and Yankee redheads
 Ambition: Salesman for Polymer
 Destiny: Gas pump jockey and grease monkey at his brother's service station

**LLOYD "BALDY" EYRE**

Asset: Blonde hair
 Saying: "What's it to you?"
 Aversion: Sheet Metal Shop
 Pastime: Market Lunch
 Ambition: To play with the Globetrotters
 Destiny: Running Blue Print Machine for Mr. Asker

**DONALD "DICK" CONNANT**

Asset: Father's car
 Saying: "Weird stick"
 Aversion: Sleep
 Pastime: Looking for girls or money
 Ambition: Chicken Ranch
 Destiny: More school Ha! Ha!

**BOB "Little Moose" HANDY**

Asset: A full deck of fags at all times
 Saying: "Stover, come here a minute"
 Aversion: Guys who call him "Little Moose"
 Pastime: A certain girl's chesterfield
 Ambition: Head draftsman at Polymer
 Destiny: Head pencil sharpener at Polymer

**DON "Muff" HILLIER**

Asset: Going to Sombra
 Saying: "The colder the weather the more you need Ethel"
 Aversion: Listening to lectures in Auto Mechanics
 Pastime: Girl friend at Sombra
 Ambition: To get a job and then a car
 Destiny: Not being able to find a job

**GARY KING**

Asset: 6'2" (with shoes off)
 Saying: "I wouldn't do that"
 Aversion: Chevs with knocks
 Pastime: At Marg's and tearing up Wyoming in a '38 Dodge
 Ambition: Graduation in English and make the Dodge "peel wheels"
 Destiny: General Manager of Polymer

**TED LECKIE**

Asset: '52 Pontiac, ready smile
 Saying: "Hello Elmer"
 Aversion: Certain screens on Chev. engine
 Pastime: Farming-Holiday
 Ambition: To get the Pontiac over 60
 Destiny: Getting snuffed by Muff's scooter

**CHARLES "Birk" BIRKINSHAW**

Asset: "Buy a car"
 Saying: "Beat it"
 Aversion: Driving his scooter
 Pastime: Chasing girls!
 Ambition: Welder???
 Destiny: Garbage collector

**BORIS "Bush" HAWRYLUK**

Asset: Blondes
 Saying: "Wow, look at her"
 Aversion: Girls
 School Activity: Soccer (Pip, Pip)
 Ambition: Rockerfeller's job
 Destiny: Rockerfeller's chauffeur



DEAN "DINK" TAYLOR

Asset: Mr. Payne's Boy
 Saying: "Hey Hippo Hips"
 Aversion: Girls who lock the doors at a pyjama party
 Pastime: Guns, records, lifting, women and milk
 Ambition: Running samples at Polymer
 Destiny: Washing test tubes in Mr. Woods' "Big" (?) lab

**NEIL "PROXY" WELSH**

Asset: Long blond wavy hair
 Saying: "Hi Doll"
 Aversion: Girls that have to be home at 12 o'clock
 School Activity: Glee Club
 Pastime: Blackwell on Friday night
 Ambition: To own a new Mercury Hardtop
 Destiny: 1965 still washing test-tubes

**HOWARD VAIL**

Pastime: Snooker, a most pleasant game to play! A large Export and a bottle of Pepsi-Cola
 Ambition: To shave
 Destiny: Women

**JOHN "STRATCH" STRACHAN**

Asset: Humorous imitations
 Saying: "Mmm, boy! what's your name?"
 Aversion: Girls who don't go steady
 Pastime: Looking for a steady girl
 Ambition: Lab Technician
 Destiny: Room 103, "1975"

**ED "EDGE" LESLIE**

Asset: His Athletic Career
 Saying: "What's the score on a bird like you?"
 Aversion: Girls who ignore him
 Pastime: Writing to Tulsa, Oklahoma, U.S.A.
 Ambition: To get married and have some little "Edges"
 Destiny: Bachelor at the old folks home

**BOB "CECIL" McDONALD**

Asset: '54 Willys
 Saying: "That's hard to take"
 Aversion: Going to school
 Pastime: Pool-room at noon and Petrolia at night
 Ambition: To get a garage at his place
 Destiny: Grease Monkey

**NEIL "SPEEDY" McLAUGHLIN**

Asset: His bicycle
 Saying: "You wouldn't kid me now"
 Aversion: People who ask questions
 Pastime: Getting to school on time
 Ambition: To be a Draftsman
 Destiny: 203

**NORMAN ROBINSON**

Asset: Flat toes from soccer
 Saying: "Too bad, eh!"
 Aversion: Test tubes with no bottoms
 School Activity: Retarded chemist, trying to find a position
 Ambition: Big Wheel rolling in Polymer
 Destiny: Manufacturing acid repellent jeans

**FRED "MICKEY" SHEANE**

Asset: 40 Chev. and 32-37-40 Ford roadster
 Saying: "I was only doing '30??'"
 Aversion: Taking driving lessons from R. F.
 Pastime: R. F.
 Ambition: To tear up Ross Avenue with roadster
 Destiny: Cutting celery and fingers

**TED "ABE" STOVER**

Asset: 52 Yellow Hillman truck
 Saying: "How many lines have you drawn today, Speed?"
 Aversion: People who copy his drafting
 Pastime: Froomefield Dine and Dance and Wellington billiards
 Ambition: Draftsman at Polymer
 Destiny: Driving a truck for Mel English

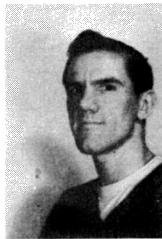


T-12B

Mr. Payne

BOB "MM" ALDRIDGE

A guy in the best Technical Department who associates with three other would-be machinists. His future can be summed up in two words, "What's this?" He has vowed to start at the bottom as foreman or something (the boss's daughter). Seriously, he is a true friend and a credit to T-12-B.



JACK "DALTON" BRYDGES

During Jack's five years here he has contributed a lot to the school basketball team. He may be found at a local pool hall or playing basketball or baseball. He is a determined, hard working student.

WILLIAM "BILL" BARBAZA

Bill is a hard worker and has three honour certificates to prove it. He is also well on his way to a fourth. His ambition is to study electronics at Ryerson. Bill's assets are: 1950 Pontiac, 25 acre farm and his good looks. His chief interest is "?"



DON CHALMERS

Don was born in Sarnia in May 1936 and attended S.S. No. 1, Sarnia Township Public School. His outside interests are confined to a field at Mandaumin. In the future Don hopes to graduate from Mr. Hawley's Shop and someday be an electrician. His chief interest is to be able to pass in English.

KAROL "Baretoes" BARTOS

Born in Prague, Czechoslovakia. His chief interest is getting to school early enough to learn his memory work. He plans to be the one and only garbage collector with a college education. Being in the best form of the school, he is well on his way.



ROBERT COOK

Bob is good in all of his subjects and also won the boxing championship during his second year. His ambition is to be six feet tall, and weigh one hundred and ninety pounds. His pastime is skating and swimming.

ALBERT BOOTES

A comparatively hard worker in everything he does, he is quick to catch humour and just as quick to return it. He has a little knowledge about almost everything and has a curious mind. He is a neat worker and takes care in doing a good job.



DON COOK

Originally from Kitchener. A nice looking guy who is easy to get along with. Has a passion for a steel guitar. Is specializing in electricity. Should really go places.

IVAN "SAM" BROOKS

A graduate of Meadowlea Public School. His ambition is to go to the Ford Trade School. Destiny: Siberian Salt Mines. Ivan has played for the school soccer team for the last two years. His pastime is trying to make someone else pay for the snooker game he loses. Warning: Never play Boston with him as he is an — artist.



CECIL DIONNE

A graduate of Sacred Heart Separate School, he entered Collégiate in the General Department, but made a quick change to Tech. His outside activities are confined to the pool-room and backyard mechanics. His chief interest is a diploma.

CHARLES "CHUCK" DRENNAN

Charles, one of the more ambitious boys of T-12-B, always has his work done on time and has it well done. Chief interests are hockey and baseball and he is a mainstay in the Brights Grove defence. No doubt there is a special someone in his life, though he will always deny it.

**NORBERT "Herbie" HENDRYCKS**

Herbie was born in the metropolis of Camlachie, Ont. His asset is being an accordionist in the Chemical Valley Drifters. His ambition is to wire electric milking machines on his father's farm but is destined to wire electric motors in machine shop.

**HUGH DRUIETT**

Red hair is one of Hugh's assets. Another is his spelling? He is interested in sports and during the summer he plays for his hometown ball team, the Brigden Juniors. Hugh is studying to be a carpenter but is likely to end up piling wood in Room 201.

**BOB "HERC" HURLOCK**

His ambition is to play right tackle for the Montreal Alouettes but he will end up playing right end of the bench for the Sarnia Imperials. As a pastime he tries to play basketball, with no avail.

**BILL GOULDING**

Bill is usually very quiet, but when aroused he loses control of his temper. He has always taken an active part in athletics, and he is an extremely good athlete. His ambition is to graduate and enter the field of Industry.

**"Handsome" HARRY KLIEFMAN**

Handsome Harry is noted for his easy smiles and his million and one freckles. He is a farmer by trade. His ambition is to be a carpenter (wood butcher). "Handsome" likes girls but won't admit it. He has no favourite saying; he just says it with a smile.

**HARRY GREY**

One of the very quiet boys of the form. He's interested in getting out of school and being a machinist. He will probably end up selling groceries. He doesn't care for dancing or dates, probably that's why he is always loaded. Noted for: easy smiles and lending money. Favorite saying: "Where's that four bits I lent you last year, Boots?"

**DON LARGE**

His ambition is to join the R.C.M.P. Destiny: the Foreign Legion stationed 100 miles from nowhere. Don played on the football team and was a standout at right half. Don is an all-round good "shmoo" but if you ever meet him in the National don't lend him any money.

**ROGER "TICK" HARDICK**

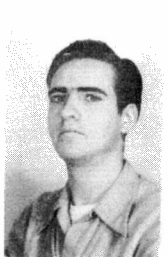
Roger has a pleasing personality and is very well liked by everyone in this school, especially the girls. His special shop is Electricity, and he plans to advance to Ryerson to take a course in Electronics. Roger is sure to go places in the near future.

**DON "LOVER BOY" LOUKS**

An electrical specialist who believes in spending his time wandering up and down the hall looking for ??? He hopes to join the R.C.M.P. when he finishes school, but will probably end up being on their wanted list for breaking girls hearts and then leaving them.

**FRED "COMRADE" HARVEY**

This noble, wise, and ambitious young lad plans to become an Electrical Engineer—he hopes. The future of this lad is told in one word—Zapp. Being the pride of 105 he is well on his way to attain his goal.

**LLOYD "GENE" TUMLEY**

He attended S.S. No. 10 Public School. His favourite pastime is dreaming about his first few pay cheques and driving his speedy '47 Dodge.



BILL "BOXER" McCORMICK

An unusually bright and alert lad, better known as "Wild Bill". Assets: Those dreamy eyes. Bill is a very studious lad and this year he is attempting to specialize in Sheet Metal. He may be found anytime in Room 206 listening intently to the teacher, I wonder.

**EDWARD "HENRY" SALAK**

His favourite pastime is watching Sarnia Sailors at the local ice palace. He hopes to be a diesel engineer but will probably end up in the navy. His special shop is Woodwork.

**EDWARD "OLLIE" MURRAY**

His favorite pastime is doing nothing with the boys. His hope, which may be classified as an ambition, is to boss his father. He will probably end up being bossed by some female. His special shop is Woodwork.

**DON SMITH**

His outside school activities are curbed by the school bus which takes him home to Courtright. His favourite pastime is driving his brother's "51" Meteor (when it's not in the body shop).

**STAN NEWMAN**

Born in Toronto 1935. A pretty good football player and track man. Ambition is to be a full fledged member of the Church. A nice guy with not too many faults. Just don't lend him any money if you are ever going to need it again.

**DOUGLAS "DINGY" STRACHAN**

Doug is a very brilliant and studious fellow? He is a very active church worker. When he is not studying or down at St. Paul's, you can find him busily attending to his hobby, Main Office 356???

**RON "PETE" PETERSON**

Ron is an ambitious and good looking fellow and is noted for his curly blond hair. In grade twelve he specialized in Machine shop. He was T-12-B's form representative. His ambition is to graduate from Grade Twelve. Pastime is Kenwick Terrace. Aversion: Girls!

**GARY WELSH**

The ambition of this remarkable fellow is to become an accountant by taking an extra year of special commercial. Gary has an expiring pastime of becoming taller. His destiny seems to be delivering papers. The girls have noted Gary for his sharp whistle.

**NEIL "CURLY" WILSON**

Neil is noted for his curly hair and spends his leisure time hunting or at poultry shows. He has obtained first class honours twice and his main ambition is to graduate and become a first class plumber. He is an all round fellow.

**GLEN "RUSSEL" FORBES**

You can find him either at Jack's billiards, the Arena or out on a date with a certain young lady, H.H. His main ambition is to play hockey for the Toronto Maple Leafs, but he will end up being ice cleaner at the Sarnia Arena.

DOUGLAS JOLLY

Doug is a better than average student, gifted in woodworking. He is a very humorous character and can be easily spotted by his peculiar haircut. Anyone wishing to see him can find him at his office (The Wellington Billiards) between 12.00 and 1.00 p.m.

**GARRY HILL**

FORM C-12A

Mrs Stewart

JOAN BAILEY (Duckfoot)

Asset: Auburn coloured hair
Saying: "Hey! Toadwoman"
Aversion: A certain redhead
Pastime: Hurrying to meet Tony
Ambition: To work in New York
Destiny: Raising little Tee Pee's



JOYCE CHURCHER

Asset: Long eye-lashes
Saying: "Well, what happened last night 'Bert'???"
Aversion: "Catty" girls!!!
Pastime: Baby-sitting with big babies!
Ambition: To get out of school
Destiny: Raising little "Crows."

DONNA (Dingy) BELL

Asset: "That laugh"
Saying: "Ah isn't he cute"
Aversion: School
Pastime: Looking for lost sailors
Ambition: Mrs. Strachan
Destiny: Raising little REDHEADS



ALBERTA CRANMER

Asset: Brains???
Saying: "Starting Monday I'm giving up boys!"
Aversion: Boys! (Especially BLONDE ones)
Pastime: MEN!!!
Ambition: To be an Old Maid!
Destiny: Sarnia General Hospital (3rd floor)

FREDA BISHOP

Asset: Long blond hair
Saying: "Marg. have you got your Shorthand done??? I haven't!!!"
Aversion: "110"
Pastime: Going to the Boulevard with Keith
Ambition: Secretary
Destiny: Mrs. ?



DON "Bing" CROSBIE

Asset: Oh! That smile
Saying: "Bury it"
Aversion: Girls
Pastime: Flirting
Ambition: To be a bachelor
Destiny: They're cheaper by the dozen

BERYLE (Perk) BROCK

Asset: Personality
Saying: "That's for darn sure"
Aversion: Working at "The Nuttery"
Pastime: "Chuck"
Ambition: Typist
Destiny: Professional nut seller.



CATHERINE "Cass" DIXON

Assets: Natural curls, devilish grin
Saying: "What are you tryin' to prove?"
Aversion: ?
Pastime: Trying to avoid a blue Meteor. Or is it the driver?
Ambition: To crash California
Destiny: Head of the attendance sheet department

JEAN CAREY

Asset: Those brown eyes
Saying: "How does my hair look?"
Aversion: Homework
Pastime: Sarnia Business College!!!
Ambition: Secretary
Destiny: Guthrie's Park (Mrs. J.)



ARLENE DOUGHERTY

Asset: Dimples
Saying: Which way did he go!
Aversion: School
Pastime: Playing euchre in 115 Casino
Ambition: Marry a muscle man
Destiny: Housewife

MARJORIE EARL

Asset: Big blue eyes
 Saying: "Here comes the teacher"
 Aversion: English

**MARLENE (Toad Woman) HANNA**

Asset: Those crazy eyes
 Saying: "You dumb apple"
 Aversion: Being called "Banana"
 Pastime: Waiting for letters from Toronto
 Ambition: Secretary for Trans-Canada Airlines.
 Destiny: Scrubbing floors at Union Station.

**SALLY EARL**

Asset: Flashy eyes
 Saying: "Aw, come on!"
 Aversion: Boys—!
 Pastime: Nose in a book
 Ambition: To find a MAN!!
 Destiny: Old Maids home

**LYNN (Hindsy) HINDS**

Asset: Winning personality
 Saying: "Hi, kid!"
 Aversion: People who are hard to get along with
 Pastime: Corresponding with a sailor
 Ambition: To travel
 Destiny: Travelling after a pack of kids

**MARIEA EVERINGHAM**

Asset: Turned up nose
 Saying: "Hey! What have we got for homework?"
 Aversion: Getting up at 7 a.m. for SCHOOL!
 Pastime: Laughing at Shirley Fowler
 Ambition: To type a perfect speed test
 Destiny: Still trying—

**JOY HOWSON**

Asset: Clothes
 Saying: "Don't tell George"
 Aversion: Washing test tubes in Mr. Wood's room
 Pastime: Looking for another boy friend to add to her collection
 Ambition: Private Secretary
 Destiny: Mother of 12 brats

**ROSEMARIE "Rosie" FOWLER**

Asset: An engaging smile and a look of innocence
 Saying: "Hurry up Donna"
 Aversion: SAILORS !!!
 Pastime: (Well now)
 Ambition: Mrs. S.
 Destiny: Auto mechanics instructor

**ELSPETH JAMISON**

Asset: Long red hair
 Saying: "Where is Shirley?"
 Aversion: Homework
 Pastime: Talking about Florida
 Ambition: Florida
 Destiny: She made it

**MARTHA "Marthy Jane" GARDINER**

Asset: Natural curls, good nature
 Saying: "Listen now! I'm gonna get tough"
 Pastime: Thinking about a certain Mr. J?
 Ambition: Water skiing at Cypress Gardens
 Destiny: Raising little water skiers

**DONNA JANES**

Asset: That personality
 Saying: Where is that maroon Pontiac?
 Aversion: Homework
 Pastime: Dale
 Ambition: Housewife
 Destiny: Raising Dominion Store employees

**MERIAL HAGGARTY**

Asset: Blue eyes
 Saying: "Have you got your short-hand done?"
 Aversion: Shorthand
 Pastime: Blue Meteor
 Ambition: Doctor's Assistant
 Destiny: Mrs. Dr. ?

**JOAN LATNER**

Asset: That long black hair
 Saying: "Wish I knew Him!!"
 Aversion: That London is so far from Sarnia
 Pastime: Writing letters to a certain boy in London.
 Ambition: To live in London
 Destiny: Professional Soda Jerk for Latners Restaurant in Sarnia



MARIE LONG

Asset: Sweet smile
 Saying: "Oh well —"
 Aversion: School bus
 Pastime: Feedin' the chickens
 Ambition: Private Secretary
 Destiny: Farmer's wife

**MARG. MANSELL**

Asset: Pearly white teeth
 Saying: "I wonder what Jack's doing now!"
 Aversion: "110"
 Pastime: Driving in the '51 Ford
 Ambition: Secretary
 Destiny: Mrs. J. W.

**MARGARET (Scratch) McCORD**

Asset: Those green eyes
 Saying: "Gaddy"
 Aversion: Early buses
 Pastime: Riding around in a blue ½ ton truck
 Ambition: Private Secretary
 Destiny: Washing diapers for a certain construction company.

**MARION MAPLETOFT "Tex"**

Asset: Big blue eyes
 Saying: "Here comes the two-tone Dodge"
 Aversion: Being teased about blushing
 Pastime: Sorry, we can't say
 Ambition: Mrs. Wales
 Destiny: Working in the office of the Metropolitan Store

**SHIRLEY FOWLER**

Asset: Humor
 Saying: That's real good
 Aversion: Homework
 Pastime: Cubs
 Ambition: Private Secretary!!
 Destiny: Writing for Jack Benny!!!

FORM C-12B*Mr Conkle***MARILYN (Marny) Watson**

Asset: "That walk"
 Saying: 'Oh Joy'
 Aversion: That noisy muffler
 Pastime: Watching for a grey Mercury
 Ambition: To raise a lacrosse team
 Destiny: Mrs. G. D.

**GWENN RODD**

Asset: That cute little giggle
 Saying: I wish I were home
 Aversion: Certain people who get on her nerves!
 Pastime: Writing letters to a certain someone.
 Ambition: Sorry, fresh out!
 Destiny: Raising little "Kennedies"

**PAT (Sarge) SARGENT**

Asset: Typing ability
 Saying: "She makes me tired"
 Aversion: People who don't like brushcuts
 Pastime: Taking a walk on second floor
 Ambition: To go to Ryerson
 Destiny: She'll never make it

**JANE (Phoebe) Sparling**

Asset: Black hair
 Saying: Who did you say got a diamond???

Aversion: A certain blonde man-chaser
 Pastime: talking to herself
 Ambition: To pass in MATH!!
 Destiny: Raising little "CROOKS"



BETTY (Ben) OLSON

Asset: "Naturally curly hair"
 Saying: "She's got more nerve than Heinz has pickles"
 Aversion: Sandy, trying to catch her at something
 Pastime: Looking in classroom windows
 Ambition: To be 5 feet tall
 Destiny: 4 feet 11½ inches short

**ELEANOR (Ellie) TRUMBLE**

Asset: Her voice
 Saying: 'Good morning! Ding Ding!
 Aversion: Tall boys
 Pastime: Learning to drive the '50 Ford
 Ambition: Singing Star
 Destiny: Glee Club '59

**PATRICIA (Pat) SNELL**

Asset: Ability to dance
 Saying: You know
 Aversion: Staying in nights
 Pastime: Goodwin Dance Studios
 Ambition: Mrs. ???
 Destiny: Old maid doing studio floors

**ROSEMARY (Peaches) PEACHY**

Asset: Charming smile
 Saying: "What's good about it?"
 Pastime: TV
 Ambition: To, for just one day, have Shorthand homework done!
 Destiny: Mattress tester at the Bay

**HELEN MURRAY**

Asset: Nice hair
 Saying: Where, Where???
 Aversion: Doing homework
 Pastime: '50 Oldsmobile
 Ambition: To learn shorthand
 Destiny: To flunk shorthand

**RACHEL NISBET**

Asset: Slim figure
 Saying: Holy cats
 Aversion: Getting up in the morning
 Pastime: Dancing at Brigden with ??
 Ambition: To be Mrs. R. W.
 Destiny: Rocking the old buggy

**ELSIE SMITH**

Asset: Naturally curly hair
 Saying: Isn't that STUPID?
 Aversion: Homework
 Pastime: Being with Donny
 Ambition: Raising nine boys (for Waubunu Ball Team)
 Destiny: Mrs. D. L.

**GRACE TIGERT**

Asset: That naturally curly hair
 Saying: "Oh no, NOT AGAIN?"
 Aversion: Unable to stop blushing
 Pastime: Corresponding with ??? at Ridgetown College
 Ambition: To travel
 Destiny: Assistant Agriculturist

**SANDRA (Shorty) STRAIN**

Asset: Being short
 Saying: "Oh, honestly"
 Aversion: Percussionists
 Pastime: Being with Bill
 Ambition: Secretary
 Destiny: Mrs. W. D. C. & 8 kids

**ELEANOR PICKERING**

Asset: Engagement ring
 Saying: "Shoot, how do you do this?"
 Aversion: Typing
 Pastime: Dreaming of 'Roly' and a little white cottage
 Ambition: Mrs. R. D.
 Destiny: They're cheaper by the dozen

**JUNE STEINHOFF**

Asset: Personality
 Saying: "You should know"
 Aversion: Stubborn people
 Pastime: Must be good, because we never see her from Friday night till Monday morning
 Ambition: To drive a black Pontiac
 Destiny: Catching buses with Fran

**DEANNA ROBSON**

Asset: Manners
 Saying: "Good afternoon, Jack Hill Drugs"
 Aversion: London boys
 Pastime: Pete
 Ambition: Mrs. P. L.
 Destiny: Scrub woman at Manley's



MARILYN MOREY

Asset: That beautiful red hair!
 Saying: Big deal!
 Aversion: Room 114
 Pastime: Talking on the phone to Gus
 Ambition: Mrs. G. T. L.
 Destiny: A husband and six kids!

**MARLENE (Squirrel) REID**

Asset: A shape
 Saying: "Don't call me 'squirrel' "
 Aversion: Little squirrels
 Pastime: Waiting for letters from London
 Ambition: Money and men
 Destiny: Men and no money

**MYRNA MURRAY**

Asset: "Glasses"
 Saying: Bananas
 Aversion: Sisters
 Pastime: Sleeping
 Ambition: Secretary of Holmes Foundry
 Destiny: Raising twenty kids

**MARY JO (Jo Jo) SMITH**

Asset: Personality
 Saying: Was that Bob or Glen driving?
 Aversion: Parties at Hoot's for the boys
 Pastime: Arena
 Ambition: To be part owner of a certain Blue Meteor
 Destiny: Part owner of a Blue Meteor along with raising little B. B.'s

**JEAN ROBINSON**

Asset: Clothes
 Saying: "Nasty break"
 Aversion: A boring time
 Pastime: Dick
 Ambition: Mrs. R. A. (no kids)
 Destiny: Weekly trips to London . . . mmwah . . .

**SHEILA ROANE**

Asset: Personality
 Saying: "I'll loan you a dime, Marny"
 Aversion: People who get in her way when she is driving
 Pastime: Driving her dad's car
 Ambition: Bell Telephone
 Destiny: Married!

**JOANNE ROBERTSON**

Asset: That Ring!
 Saying: Has anyone seen Stan??
 Aversion: Musicians
 Pastime: '52 Green Ford
 Ambition: Mrs. S. T.
 Destiny: Mrs. S. T. and little S. T.'s

**JOYCE MARSHALL**

Asset: Popularity
 Saying: "I'll give you just one hour to let go of my hand!"
 Aversion: Untidy lockers
 Pastime: Students' Council
 Ambition: To be Fred's "Model" secretary
 Destiny: To marry a certain someone

**FRAN (Buttons) WHITING**

Asset: Playing the piano
 Saying: "Gee, I don't know"
 Aversion: Hollywood Drive
 Pastime: Dick
 Ambition: Secretary
 Destiny: Mrs. D. T. and a couple of kids



SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

Mr. Coles

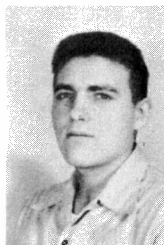
MARGARET HURLEY

Asset: Friendliness
Saying: "Oh, no! Not again!"
Aversion: P.T.
Pastime: Waiting for —? to call
Ambition: Private secretary
Destiny: Manager of Reitman's



JIM CHURCHILL

Asset: 1 package of cigarettes
Saying: "Howdy"
Aversion: Work
Pastime: Pool
Ambition: To get a job
Destiny: Not to work too hard



SALLY "Knock" KNOX

Asset: Humour
Saying: "Oh Barol"
Aversion: Playing second fiddle to a guided missile
Pastime: Going to Kingston
Ambition: To get married and raise skillions of little soldiers
Destiny: Housemaid of the barracks



BARBARA BYRON

Asset: Pleasant personality
Saying: "I wonder where Mr. Woods is?"
Aversion: The Navy
Pastime: Watching television — with Harold
Ambition: Nurse
Destiny: Marrying a Doctor



JEAN McDONALD

Asset: Fluttering eyelashes and the dimple in her chin
Saying: "And then what happened"
Aversion: People who don't know "what happened then"
Pastime: Keeping a certain somebody posted
Ambition: Commercial artist
Destiny: Learning the "Arts" from "G"



DAVE LINK

Asset: REMOVABLE teeth
Saying: "Mornin' Luke"
Aversion: School
Pastime: Cathy
Ambition: Hockey player
Destiny: Bush league team



JOHN LAMBLEY

Asset: Friends
Saying: "Who won"
Aversion: Gabby girls
Pastime: Mandaumin
Ambition: Executive
Destiny: Broom pusher



DELLA "Tootsie" DEMARCO

Asset: Friendliness
Saying: "Oh Crum!"
Aversion: Folk dances in P.T. class
Pastime: Dreaming
Ambition: To type more than 15 words a minute.
Destiny: She'll keep trying



TOM "Gomber" DAWSON

Asset: Curly hair
Saying: "I'll bite you George"
Aversion: Girls who take you for a "fall guy"
Pastime: Attempting to play hockey at (F.A.)
Ambition: To break 90 in golf
Destiny: Breaking 100 — caddying for George



NORMA JUNE REID

Asset: Deep blue eyes
Saying: "Come on you kids"
Aversion: A certain boy in Sp. who's always teasing her
Pastime: Answering letters to D. C.
Ambition: To become Mrs. ?
Destiny: Miss Reid



PAULINE SOMES

Saying: "George don't squeeze me so hard"
 Asset: Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful, Brown Eyes
 Pastime: Running from Mr. Woods
 Aversion: The Assembly Hall
 Ambition: Secretary
 Destiny: Farmerette

**COLLEEN WARDROP**

Saying: "Well, for heavens sake!"
 Asset: Big Brown Eyes
 Pastime: Six footers
 Aversion: Conceited Boys
 Ambition: To be private secretary
 Destiny: An old maid

**RALPH SCARROW**

Saying: "Got your shorthand home-work done?"
 Asset: Shorthand?
 Pastime: STUDYING SHORTHAND?
 Aversion: GUESS
 Ambition: To Pass Shorthand
 Destiny: Teaching Shorthand???

**MARION "Gibby" GIBBS**

Saying: "Was you there?"
 Asset: Complexion
 Pastime: Bruce
 Aversion: Being told what time to come home
 Ambition: To become Mrs. R. B.
 Destiny: To be raising 10 little B's in 1976

**BARBARA WOODHAMS**

Saying: "Oh this dumb typewriter"
 Asset: "Eyes"
 Pastime: Avoiding boys in pink shirts
 Aversion: Pink shirts
 Ambition: To own a Silvertone radio
 Destiny: Owner of a Silvertone radio

**NORMA VINCENT**

Saying: Oh! Heavens!
 Asset: Jet Black Hair
 Pastime: A Yodeling Frenchman
 Aversion: "Would be" Guitarists and Singers
 Ambition: A Model Secretary
 Destiny: Home on the Range

**NORMA JOHNSON**

Saying: "So help me June, if"
 Asset: Eyes
 Pastime: Men
 Aversion: Men
 Ambition: Mrs. Bill ?
 Destiny: Miss Norma Johnson

**ALICE GRAHAM**

Saying: "I'll never tell"
 Assets: Red Skirts
 Pastime: Study (What we won't say)
 Aversion: Boys who like Red Skirts
 Ambition: B. G. M's Secretary
 Destiny: Mrs. B. G. M.

**BEVERLEY "Bev" HILL**

Saying: "You don't know, do you?"
 Asset: Flirtatious nature
 Pastime: Boys
 Aversion: Distance between Oshawa and Sarnia
 Ambition: To pass Shorthand
 Destiny: Mrs.!

**NORMA LEMOINE**

Saying: "Guess who I saw last night?"
 Asset: 5'2, eyes of blue
 Pastime: Vince
 Aversion: People who call her "Normie"
 Ambition: To travel
 Destiny: Brights Grove

**DARRYL "Buck" JONES**

Saying: "So, how's the family"
 Asset: Pink sweater and Saddle Shoes
 Pastime: Pontiac, Michigan
 Aversion: Distance between Sarnia and Pontiac, Mich.
 Ambition: To become rich
 Destiny: Living on his wife's money

**EDNA MONTEITH**

Saying: "You're awful!"
 Asset: Sense of Humour
 Pastime: Taking "Slug" home from Guides
 Aversion: Hockey and Football Practices
 Ambition: To be Mrs. Phillips
 Destiny: Raising little "Slugs"



DOLORES "De" MANN

Saying: "Marion you know what?"
 Asset: A certain picture
 Pastime: Dreaming of Larry
 Aversion: The Navy
 Ambition: Mrs. L. G.
 Destiny: Still waiting for a certain sailor in 1965

**KEITH "Hamo" TEFT**

Saying: "Hey BO-BO"
 Asset: '36 Chev.
 Pastime: Girls
 Aversion: Girls who go steady with other guys
 Ambition: Undertaker
 Destiny: Undertaking a family

**CAROL "Barol" BULMAN**

Saying: Oh, Heavens
 Asset: Personality
 Pastime: Writing for Sal
 Aversion: The miles between
 Ambition: To close the miles between
 Destiny: Barol's a plugger

**JOAN "Jinny" COOPER**

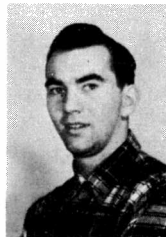
Saying: "Let's look for . . . !"
 Asset: Enough clothes to compete with "Saks, Fifth Avenue"
 Pastime: Looking for a man!
 Aversion: Boys who don't know how to get to the bridge
 Ambition: Architect for the Sarnia Bridge Company
 Destiny: Building bridges with her 10 kids!

**DONNA "Carrot-Top" ARCHER**

Saying: "Let's go spend your money shall we?"
 Asset: Her blue eyes and her auburn hair
 Pastime: She's suddenly taken a great interest in GOLF!! Wonder why?
 Aversion: Cleaning up the locker after Joan's filled it with junk
 Ambition: To be a famous cover-girl on New York's fashion Magazines
 Destiny: Posing for pictures of Bugs Bunny!!

**JACK "Bo-Bo" Leo**

Saying: "Stop it! I love it!"
 Asset: Lovely Brunette
 Pastime: 1332 Lakeshore Rd.
 Aversion: Teachers with no sense of humour
 Ambition: Football Coach
 Destiny: Father of a Football Team



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EARLE "Winey" WINEBERG

Gay, debonair, fun-loving, but with a serious side known to his intimate friends. In his varied career at S.C.I., old Winey has done everything from chasing invisible rabbits named "Harvey", to chasing very visible damsels with various names. He intends to become a barrister, but he would do better to stay in the Scits Show as a chorus boy.

**JOHN PURSEL**

Following a six year plan Perk is completing his last year. A brilliant student he plans to study engineering at Queen's. When asked about his interests he leers a sly leer, but he is known as a possessor of talent and will-power which keeps him awake during class.

**MARY "ELLEN" NORTHCOTT**

(Dimples)

Saying: "M-mmmm-Boy!"

Asset: Big Brown Eyes

Pastime: Writing letters and riding in a '40 Green Dodge

Aversion: Dancing with short boys

Ambition: Private Secretary

Destiny: Sitting on Boss's knee in Sioux City

**JOHN BRUNDRITT**

As most of us know, John Brundritt hails from Chatham. In his first three or four years he kept quite behind the scenes. But in '54 he's been gleaming forth in the Key Club, Drama Club, and Cadets. As school columnist, his skillful writings have added considerably to the maintenance of school spirit.

**SYLVIA SMITH**

Outstanding in both the academic and athletic fields, Sylvia has proved herself an invaluable asset to our school. Excellent marks in all her subjects and active membership in the Girls' Athletics make her shine forth as one of the bright lights of Grade 13. She is the very capable secretary of this year's Students' Council.

**RONALD "Joe" STRANGWAY**

Ambition is to be a geologist. He played on the Soccer Team and enjoys basketball. His favourite pastime is clubbing a ball on a golf course, (who knows we may have a pro in our midst). Chief assets are brush cut and his brother's car.

**MARJORIE (Midge) RICHARDS**

Asset: "Dimples"

Saying: Sob, Sob,

Pastime: Waiting for Polymer paydays

Ambition: A farmer's wife

Destiny: Practicing golf on her 12-acre form

Aversion: American Duckies . . .

Theme Song: "A Fool Such As I"

**KAREN KOEHLER**

Karen's gay and sparkling personality prevails throughout her school activities. A diligent student, she deserves the good marks which she obtains. Her outside activities include painting and sketching, and participation in all types of sports. We are sure that Karen will have continued success in her nursing career upon graduation at Victoria Hospital, London.

ALLAN "Viv" BLAIN

Saying: "You don't know do you?"

Asset: Good looks, '53 Pontiac

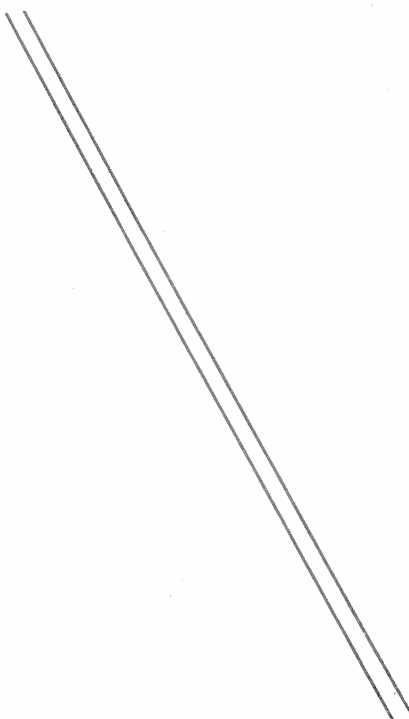
Pastime: Blondes

Aversion: Traffic Cops

Ambition: To own a new Monarch

Destiny: Racing '38

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 Beardow, Vivienne — Bank of Commerce
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 Beaton, Gladys — Bell Telephone Co.
 Bentley, Elizabeth — Teachers' College, London
 Berglund, Kurt — Working in Windsor
 Betik, John — Simpson Sears
 Blakely, Helen — Training, Guelph General Hospital
 Blanchard, Gail — Married
 Bolton, Marcella — Cabot Carbon
 Borthwick, Evelyn — Training as Lab. Tech., St. Michael's Hospital
 Bowles, Marion — Firestone
 Brander, Phyllis — City Hall
 Brock, Bruce — Nuttery Stores Ltd.
 Brough, Audrey — Rural Hydro
 Brown, Shirley — Training, Sarnia General Hospital
 Buchanan, Ray — Fiberglas
 Burr, Valeria — Gamble & Matheson Insurance
 Boylan, Douglas — Albert College, Belleville
 Campbell, Margaret — Lorne Park College Pt. Credit
 Case, Mary — Imperial Oil
 Chalmers, Bill — City of Sarnia
 Chapman, Wilma — Fiberglas
 Charlton, Jeanne — Superior Products
 Chaytor, Welford — Polymer
 Chivers, Jack — Northern Electric
 Christon, Bill — Imperial Oil

Clark, Burt — Polymer
 Clarke, Odeyne — Moved to Centralia
 Cochrane, Helen — Royal Bank of Canada
 Coster, Gloria — Sarnia Hydro
 Coulter, Marion — Stewart Knox
 Coursey, Frances — Training, Victoria Hospital, London
 Cuthbert, Norma — Norma Cuthbert's Dancing Schools.
 Dalziel, John — Polymer
 Day, Barbara — Royal Bank of Canada
 DeBleik, Nettie — Teaching School outside Aylmer
 DeGurse, Joe — At home
 DeGurse, Teresa — St. Joseph's School, Sarnia
 Denomy, Robert — At home
 Dinel, Norman — Polymer
 Dobroski, Edward — Lambton Awning
 Doull, Douglas — Queen's University
 Dowswell, Ross — Polymer
 Drope, Eleanor — Teachers' College, London
 Durica, Rose — Sarnia General Hospital
 Elliott, Andrew — Polymer
 Elliott, John — Polymer
 Elliott, Margaret — Polymer
 Engelson, Ruth — L. N. Phippen's Ltd.
 Fleet, Paul — Queen's University
 Florence, Meyer — University of Toronto
 Fralick, Mary Ann — Logan & Logan
 Fraser, Robert — Uranium Mines, Blind River
 Frisken, Patricia — Nipigon
 Gillespie, Earnie — At home
 Goodman, John — Ryerson
 Gordon, Anne — Teachers' College, London
 Griffith, Ellen — Teaching, Reece's Corners

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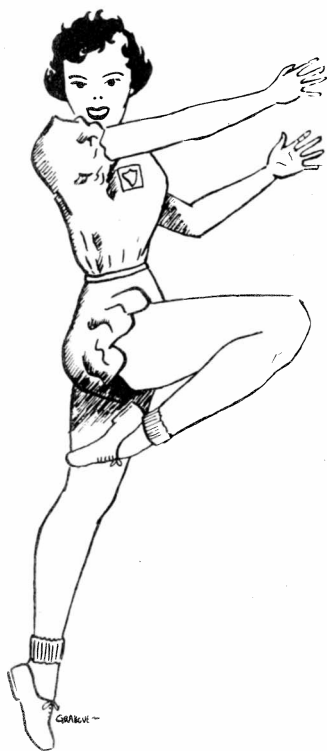
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 Hayward, Robert — Agricultural College, Guelph
 Henderson, Lois — Married
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 Hiller, Vivian — Dow Chemical
 Hoskin, Edwin — Imperial Oil
 Howson, Gayle — Board of Education
 Inch, Merlyn — Imperial Oil
 Jamieson, Esther — Teaching, White River
 Johnston, Thomas — City of Sarnia
 Knowles, Robert — Imperial Oil
 Kuzmanovich, Anne — National Grocers
 Lambert, Jean — Training, Victoria Hospital London
 Lane, Mervin — Loblaws
 Lee, Donald — Queen's University
 Lessard, Gladys — At home
 Lethbridge, Betty — Training, Guelph Gen. Hospital
 Levan, Donna — Polymer
 Lewis, Jack — Canadian Pittsburgh Industries
 Lloyd, Joseph — Pt. Huron Junior College
 Lockrey, Norman — At home
 Lockrey, Robert — Imperial Oil
 Lockyer, Ab — Queen's University
 Loyst, Anne — Imperial Oil
 Lumley, Donna — Fiberglas
 Lumley, Ellamarie — Bank of Nova Scotia, Brigden
 MacFarlane, Bernice — Training, Toronto General Hospital
 Madery, Carl — Windsor
 Marsh, Marilyn — Lambton Hospitalization
 Mason, Art — Polymer
 Mason, Danny — At home
 Mastert, Pete — Post Office
 Mathews, Dorothy — Dow
 McIntosh, Wayne — Sarnia Business College
 McKay, Wm. — Interprovincial Pipe Line Co.
 McLean, Carol — Park Lane Motors
 McPhail, Jane — Royal Bank of Canada
 Miller, Gloria — Berger's
 Miller, Nancy — Married
 Miller, Ruth — Wesley Hospital
 Milliken, Jack — Lowe Brothers
 Mitchell, John — Imperial Oil
 Moore, Gwen — At home
 Moore, James — Polymer
 Murphy, Kent — University of Toronto
 Mylchurst, Doug — Fiberglas
 Needham, Robert — C. G. S., St. Catherines
 Nethrey, Anne — University of Western Ontario
 Nettleton, John — Marshall & Milway
 Nichols, Loyle — Bell Telephone
 Oakes, Harry — Bank of Nova Scotia
 Oakes, June — Polymer
 Palframen, Hazel — Teacher's College
 Park, Jeanne — Training, Toronto Sick Children's Hospital
 Pascoe, Marian — Polymer
 Pass, Donna — Bell Telephone
 Patterson, Verna — Studying Anthropology, New Mexico
 Pearson, Fred — RCN
 Pelletier, Ron — Polymer
 Pettit, Susanne — Teacher's College, London
 Phillips, Alfred — Imperial Oil
 Pretty, Tom — City of Sarnia
 Rand, Jack — City of Sarnia
 Rapson, David — Queen's University
 Rawlings, Mary Lou — Sarnia Hydro
 Roberts, Nancy — Training, Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal
 Robley, Dorothy — Teacher's College, London
 Ross, June — Training, Victoria Hospital, London
 Round, Bob — Polymer
 Rowell, Allison — Fiberglas
 Ryan, Robert — Imperial Oil
 Sands, Charles — Polymer
 Sayers, Walter — At home
 Schell, Raymond — Polymer
 Schmid, Barbara — Imperial Oil
 Shaw, Jim — Graceland College, Lamonia, Iowa
 Smith, June — Moore Credit Union, Corunna
 Smith, Sally — Taylor & Co.
 Snell, Kathleen — Heber Nethrey
 Stewart, John — R.C.A.F.
 Stewart, Ron — At home
 Stirrett, Georgia — University of Toronto
 Stokes, John — Polymer
 Taylor, Harold — Wadland's Drug Store
 Telfer, Fern — Dr. N. F. Anderson
 Thibodeau, Robert — Assumption College, Windsor
 Thompson, Ron — Polymer
 Timpson, Ron — Queen's University
 Tye, Janet — Polymer
 Waddell, Eileen — Polymer
 Waite, Harry — Knox College
 Ward, George — Ryerson
 Wardell, Marion — Training, Hamilton Gen. Hospital
 Warkentin, Mary — McMaster University
 Wasyl, Henry — Sarnia Bridge Co
 Weaver, Anita — Dow
 Weaver, Myrna — City Hall
 Wellard, Judy — Training, Victoria Hospital, London
 Welsh, Jacqueline — Imperial Oil
 Westgate, Warren — Pt. Huron Junior College
 Willis, Heather — Training, St. Joseph's Hospital, London
 Wood, Malcolm — University of Toronto
 Wright, Frances — McGill University
 Young, Bruce — At home



Girls' Sports

Efficiency crests during the assembly were nominated to be members of this group. In September, twelve girls were elected by ballot to represent the girls' part of the student body in the Athletic Association directed by Miss Ramsden. At the first meeting the officers for 1954-55 were chosen. They are as follows:

President—Carol Bulman
Vice-President—Judy Palmer
Secretary—Gertrude Dunham
Treasurer—Margo Kapteyn

The other seven members who do not hold office, hold a very important position as curators of one of the seven sports. They are: Track and Field Curator, Marie Atkinson; Swimming Curator, Judy Biehn; Basketball Curator, Joyce Macklin; Dancing Curator, Gail Summers; Baseball Curator, Mary Trotter; Field Ball, Speedball and Captainball Curator, Sally Date; Deck Tennis, Goodminton, and Badminton Curator, Alice Graham.

This group of twelve interested and energetic girls meet every Wednesday at noon with Miss Ramsden. Besides scheduling the girls' sports, they look after the sale of milk every noon hour between 11.45 and 12.15.

The Girls Athletic Association has had an outstanding background. The first meeting of this organization ever to be held took place in 1924. Every year since then the girls belonging to this group have met weekly throughout the school year to plan the girls' sports for the coming months. It is indeed an honour to be elected to the organization.

Last June after the final assembly, several girls who had been presented with pro-



GIRLS' ATHLETIC



PROFICIENCY CREST WINNERS — JUNIOR



PROFICIENCY CREST WINNERS — INTERMEDIATE

Back Row—Lois Garrison, Carol Williams, Shirley Neil, Sally Date, Fay Slatterie, Pat Harris
Front Row—Mary Zealand, Marie Edgar, Jean Cameron, Marg. Kukucha, Pat Lambley, Gail Summers.

PROFICIENCY CREST WINNERS

Throughout the whole school year each girl earns points for attendance in gym classes and in the after-school swimming classes, participation in games and for acting as officials in tournaments. Proficiency crests are awarded to the girls whose points total 75% of the average number

of points obtained by ten girls who received the highest number of points. Last year a crest was also awarded to the girl who received the highest number of points in a form which had no one receiving a crest according to the above rule. The girls are divided into groups according to grades.

ALL ROUND CHAMPIONS

The girl who obtains the greatest number of points in each of the three divisions is the All Round Champion for her group. Last year's All Round Champions were:

Senior—Mary Trotter
 Runner-Up—Margo Kapteyn
 Intermediate—Sally Date
 Junior—Marilyn Miller

FIRST AND SECOND "S" WINNERS

The First "S" is presented to girls who have obtained four proficiency crests and to the Senior All Round Champion. Girls winning a First "S" were: Beth Bentley, Bernice MacFarlane, Georgia Stirrett, Mary Trotter, and Myrna Weaver.

Georgie Stirrett won five proficiency crests which shows that she was a very active athlete in her five years at this school.

The Second "S" is presented to all girls who have won three proficiency crests, to the runner-up for the Senior All Round Championship.

Girls receiving a Second "S" were: Marie Atkinson, Judy Biehn, Carol Bulman, Sally Date, Margo Kapteyn, Carol Muir and Sylvia Smith.

The All Round Champion in the Junior division was presented with a medal.

TRACK AND FIELD (1954-55)

Because of a very rainy autumn, The Girls Field Day was postponed for 1954. There are possibilities that it may be held in the spring of 1955.

FIELD BALL, SPEEDBALL and CAPTAIN-BALL (1954-55)

These two tournaments were also cancelled on account of a rainy fall season.

Rain certainly caused a great deal of disappointment in the school when four of the tournaments had to be cancelled for the girls.

Even though these tournaments were postponed, the students who wished to participate in the other tournaments did not give up. Instead they came to the gym in October and November to make the Deck Tennis, Goodminton and Badminton tournaments a grand success.

DECK TENNIS (1954-55)

Deck Tennis is played in a formation similar to that of volleyball. It consists of throwing a rubber ring back and forth over a net. This tournament is for Grade IX only. The Grade IX teams did exceptionally well in turning out for their games. Their games were played either in their regular gym classes, at noon hour, or after 5.15 o'clock. The winners were:

1. 9-17 (a)—Marguerite Macklin
2. 9-17 (c)—Carol Phippen and Geraldine Maloney
3. 9-19 (b)—Connie Macklin

GOODMINTON (1954-55)

Goodminton is a variation of badminton. It is played with rackets similar to table tennis rackets and with a rubber based bird similar to the badminton bird. This tournament is for Grade X only. The girls in Grade X were very enthusiastic in their game and turned out well for their scheduled games either at noon, after 5.15 or in their regular gym classes. The winners were:

1. 10-16, 17—Judy Wineberg
2. 10-12 (a)—Pat Giffels
3. 10-18 (b)—Pat Taylor

BADMINTON (1954-55)

This year the competition was very keen. Everybody who took part in the tournament (and there were about 160 girls) was not only interested to win but to play a good game. This tournament has been the most successful for many years. On account of staggered classes, the girls were divided into four groups. The girls in the Senior A and B divisions who wanted to play only at noon, played from 11.45 to 12.55 on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The winners were:

Senior A

1. C12 B—Marjorie Richards
2. Grade 13—Judy Tinsley
3. C12 A—Joy Howson

Senior B

1. 11E—Gail Summers
2. 11E—Joan Pilkie
3. 11E—Helen Byblaws.

In the Senior B noon tournament, the winning team won all its games and the

teams that placed second and third consisted of girls from 11E.

The Senior A and B group who wanted to play only after school played from 3.40 to 5.10 on Thursdays. The winners were:

Senior A

1. Grade 13—Karen Koehler
2. Grade 12—Jean Hayward
2. Grade 12—Mary Trotter

The two grade 12 teams tied for second place.

Senior B

1. 11E—Linda Nethery
2. C11B—Arly Stinson
3. 11A, C—Gertrude Dunham.

SWIMMING (1953-54)

All grades participate in the swimming tournament. Last year swimming classes were held on Monday, Wednesdays and every other Friday after school from 3.45 to 5.00. On Monday for the benefit of the late shift of classes, swimming continued until 5.30 if there were enough swimmers present. Last year, after the points were totalled for each class at the end of every four months winners were declared in each of the divisions. The top three teams in each division received a certain number of points and at the end of the year, these points were totalled to select the yearly winners. The winners were:

Senior A

1. 12C—Betty Lethbridge
2. Grade 13—Jean Park and Bernice MacFarlane
3. 12A—Bedrisa Cepka

Senior B

1. 11A—Margo Kapteyn
2. 11C—Ann Frazer
3. C11B—Marjorie Richards

Intermediate

1. 10-17—Fay Slatterie
 2. 10-18—Joan Ferguson
 3. 10-10—Carol Leach
 3. 10-15—Nancy Irvin
- 10-10 and 10-15 tied for third place.

Junior

1. 9-15—Susan Taylor
2. 9-13—Betty Lou Hoskin
3. 9-17—Carol McNeil

In 1954, four girls who had already received their Bronze Medallions were instructed by Miss Ramsden and within a few weeks each won the Award of Merit. These girls were: Helen Blakely, Gail Finch, Jean Hayward and Betty Lethbridge.

DANCING (1953-54)

On one day in spring when the boys held their Track and Field Day, the girls held both a dancing tournament and a volleyball tournament. When a team was not playing volleyball outside, it was in the gym competing in the dancing tournament. Special thanks are given to the teachers who were judges and to Miss Ramsden who planned very minutely both tournaments. The winners were:

Senior A

1. Grade 12 (2)—Lillian Pfeiff
2. Grade 13—Bette McArthur
3. Grade 12 (4)—Sylvia Smith

Senior B

1. 11A—Judy Palmer
2. C11A—Joy Howson
3. 11C—Christa Pfeiff

Intermediate

1. 10-14,15—Nancy Irvin
2. 10-18—Carol Cheschire
3. 10-13—Marilyn Windeatt

Junior

1. 9-13—Noreen Ellwodo
2. 9-15—Jane Kitchen
3. 9-17—Ruth Matthews

VOLLEYBALL (1953-54)

Participating in the volleyball tournament were 46 teams made up of girls from every form in the school. The participation was close to 100%. The tournament was held outside. The Juniors completed both their dancing and volleyball tournaments in the morning. The Intermediates and Seniors participated in the afternoon. Both tournaments were very successful. The winners were: Senior A:

1. 13B—Jean Lambert
2. 12 (1)—Karen Koehler
3. 12 (2)—Heather Willis



PROFICIENCY CREST WINNERS — SENIOR



"S" WINNERS

Back Row—Judy Biehn, Carol Muir, Marie Atkinson, Carol Bulman, Sylvia Smith, Margot Kapteyn.

Front Row—Myrna Weaver, Beth Bentley, Georgia Stirrett.

Senior B:

1. 11A—Mary Trotter
2. C11A (2)—Jean Robinson
3. C11A (1)—Gertrude Dunham

Intermediate:

1. 10-7—Dorothy Thompson
2. 10-10 (b)—Lorraine Stinson
3. 10-8 (b)—Joanne Wood

Junior:

1. 9-17—Sue Atchison
2. 9-10—Brenda Ramesbottom & Shirley Bryant
3. 9-13—Betty Lou Hoskin and Keitha Hyatt.

BASKETBALL (1953-54)

Last year, because of our overcrowded school, Leaders' Groups in badminton, deck tennis, goodminton and basketball had to be held from 5.30 to 6.00 on Tuesdays for the grade nines and tens who were led in deck tennis, goodminton and basketball, and from 5.30 to 6.00 on Wednesdays for the Seniors who were led in badminton and basketball. Tournaments were held in each of the above activities from 6.00 to 7.00 on the above evenings for the corresponding grades. However no record was kept of the winning teams.

DECK TENNIS, GOODMINTON and BAD MINTON (1953-54)

These tournaments took place a month preceding the basketball tournament. However no record was kept of the winners in this tournament.

PARTIES:

Last year a party was held for the teams placing first in each of the divisions in the Captainball, Fieldball and Speedball tournaments. Also the captains of the teams placing second and third were invited. The party was held on December 9, 1953. Everyone had a really good time.

On December 10, 1953, the G.A.A. held a Christmas Party. After an hour of games planned by Miss Ramsden, lunch was served by the girls themselves. It was a very enjoyable party.

On May 12, 1954, a basketball party was held for the teams placing first in each of the divisions plus the captains of each of the teams placing second and third in each of the divisions. A basketball game was played between the first and second winners of the Senior division. Mary Foster, formerly a president of the G.A.A., refereed it. This party was also a success.

As far as athletics were concerned, 1954 was a very successful year. Let us hope 1955 will be as successful. Remember all work and no play, makes Jill a dull girl.



ALL ROUND CHAMPIONS

Margot Kapteyn, Mary Trotter, Marilyn Miller, Sally Date

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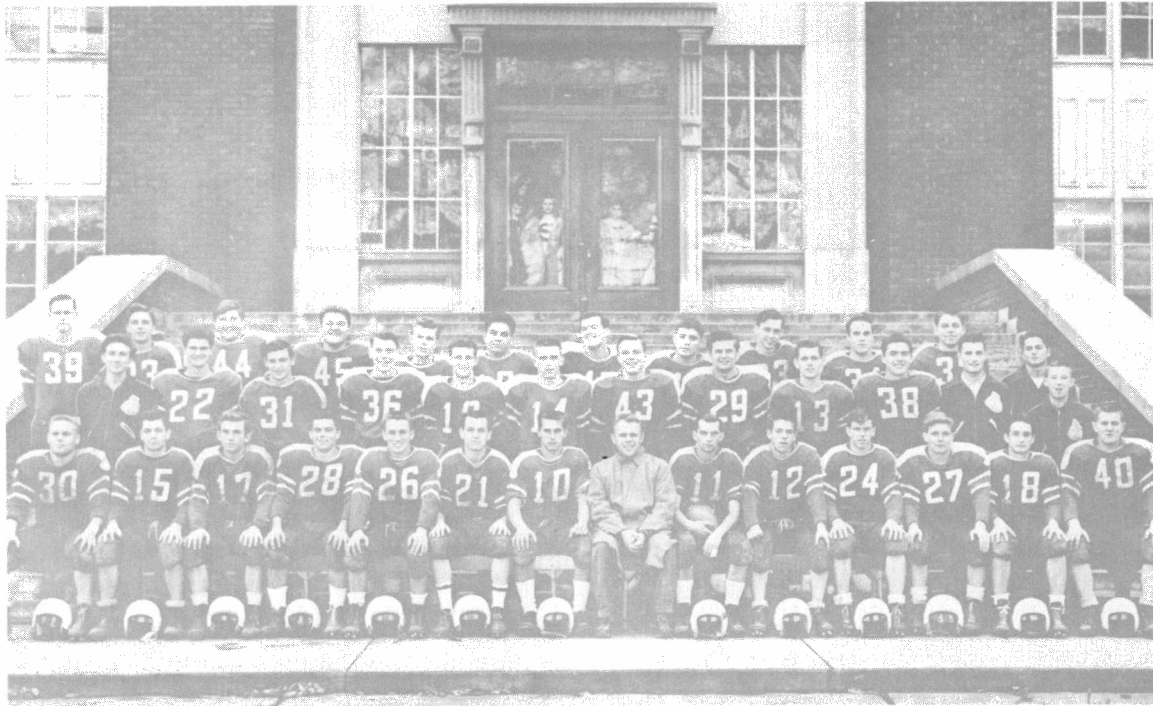
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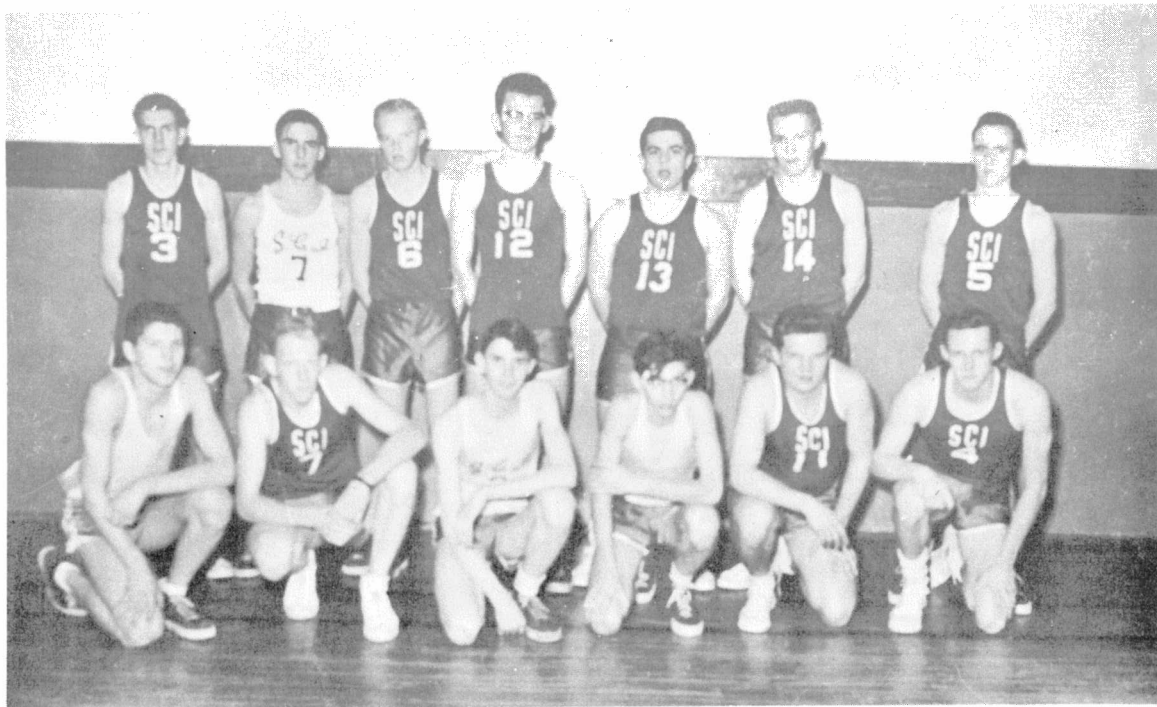
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The Registrar, Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C.

**The Registrar, Collège Militaire
Royal de Saint-Jean, St. Jean, P.Q.**



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BOYS' SPORTS



INTERFORM SPORTS

It is sincerely regretted that Interform Sports activity has suffered for the second successive year, owing to the irregular hours of many timetables. No activity could take place in the noon hours, and an additional loss was suffered by the cancellation

of the full Soccer Tournament owing to adverse weather conditions.

However, we look forward with hope to better things for extra-curricular activities with the opening of the new High School next September.



FOOTBALL

The Sarnia Collegiate's Blue Bombers had a highly successful season last fall, having won five out of their seven games. The team scored 123 points and had 47 scored against them. Top scorers were Wayne Colborne, Jack Lea and Bruce McGrath with 35, 30 and 25 points respectively.

The line-up is as follows:

Coach—Mr. Wm. Danylchuck

Manager—Gavin Hall

Flying Wings—Hipple, Fleet.

Halves—Perry, Large, Kerwin, Hamilton, Edgar, Clarke, Newman, Gerry.

Quarterbacks—Leslie, McGrath.

Centres—Walenius, Dabanovitch.

Guards—Dagg, Parsons, Horner, Ferris, Farr, Paisley.

Tackles—Trowbridge, Jones, Hurlock, Latham.

Ends—Colborne, Muir, Haddon, Lea.

The Games

1. For a season opening display of power the Bombers defeated the Catholic Central Crusaders in a thrilling game at Labatt Park, London, on September 25. After the Crusaders scored an early 6 points, the Bombers piled up a majority of 10 points, making the final score 16-6 in their favour.

2. The Blue Bombers and the Medway H. S. Reds played at the Athletic Park, on October 1. At the end of the first, Sarnia

was ahead 1-0. Early in the fourth quarter the Reds tied the score. Don Large kicked a thrilling single point in the last minute of play, making the score 2-1 for Sarnia.

3. The Bombers kept their record of straight wins intact on October 8, at a fascinating encounter with the Beck Collegiate Institute team at Athletic Park. At the end of the first quarter the score stood at 6-5 for the Bombers. In the second quarter Beck scored 7 points to Sarnia's none. In the second half however, Sarnia made a quick recovery by retaliating with a 13-point gain to Beck's no score, and at the end the score was 19 for Sarnia, 12 for Beck.

4. Many students from S.C.I. went by bus on October 18 to watch a rather one-sided game with the Bombers showing their superiority over Beal by 51-0. Wayne Colborne emerged as the star of the game, with four touchdowns.

5. London South C. I. administered the Bombers' first defeat of the season in the game at Athletic Park on October 22nd. The final score stood at 15-11 for South. South was well represented at the game and the behaviour of the spectators was considerably improved over the bad show on a previous occasion.

6. The Bombers suffered their second defeat, this time at the hands of the Central Collegiate Golden Ghosts, in London on October 26. The defeat was attributed mainly to pass interceptions and lack of a sustained attack. Final score was 13-6 for the Ghosts.

7. On October 29 in their last game the Bombers beat St. Thomas at Athletic Park. The score added up to 18-0 for the Bombers at the end of the game.

The season ended with Sarnia, London South and Beck all tied for second place in the league. There being no provision in the rules of the Conference for such a tie, no play-offs could be arranged and the three teams had to remain dead-locked. We extend our congratulations to the London Central team, who won all their games and thus took the Purple Bowl, senior league crown, for the third time in succession.



The line-up for the 1954-55 soccer team is as follows:

Goal—Ronald Coates
 Right Full Back—Eddie Fisher
 Left Full Back—Otto Vallinga
 Right Half Back—Ivna Brooks
 Center Half—Bill Fraser
 Left Half—Ed Salak
 Out Right—Boris Hawryluk
 In Right—Bev. Neubauer
 Centre—Renzo Salustro
 In Left—Jim Lambert
 Out Left—Mario Di Donato

Alternates—Doug Catt, Grant Hopkins, Ken Grant, Fred Fletcher, Mike Prior, Ted Evans, Norm Robinson.

October 8 — Cranbrook

The Collegiate team played their third annual game with Cranbrook School in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. The game was hard fought and well-played and Cranbrook won 2-0 by scoring two goals in the last three minutes.

October 13 — Western

In this exhibition game the University of Western Ontario Intermediate team travelled to Sarnia and played on the campus. The score was tied 1-1.

October 19 — Chatham

Sarnia met Chatham Vocational School in Wallaceburg in a sudden death game to decide which would enter the WOSSA soc-

cer tournament. This was a very good game with both teams having several fine chances to score but Sarnia proved the better marksman and advanced to the WOSSA semi-finals by defeating Chatham 2-0.

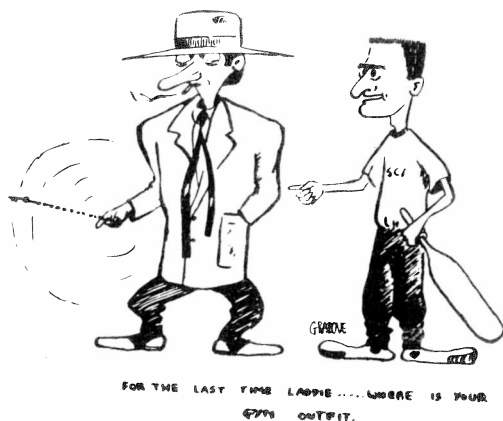
October 23 — WOSSA Tournament

At the WOSSA tournament in London, Sarnia was drawn against Windsor-Walkerville. The Sarnia team played their best game of the year and had more than their share of the play. However, with less than five minutes to play, a Sarnia defenceman deflected the ball into the Sarnia goal to give Walkerville a 1-0 victory.

In the WOSSA final, H. B. Beal Technical School were winners of the WOSSA "A" soccer championship for the first time and we extend our sincere congratulations to them.

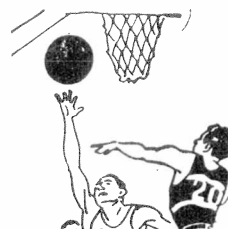
Boys' Sports Meet

The second tabloid sports meet was held on May 27, 1954. Grade Nine boys competed in the morning and the remaining grades in the afternoon. Twenty-two teams participated, using a total of 660 boys. The events were controlled and judged by senior boys under the direction of the P. T. department. This type of sports meet appears to suit the requirements of this school in track and field competition within the school. A winner of each division, Grade 9, Grade 10 and Senior, was declared and rewarded at the following assembly.



Track & Field Meet

The WOSSA track and field meet was held in London on May 22nd. The S.C.I. track team made its best showing to date when it placed sixth in a list of thirty competing schools from Western Ontario. There is a strong likelihood that succeeding teams will compete more successfully.



BASKETBALL

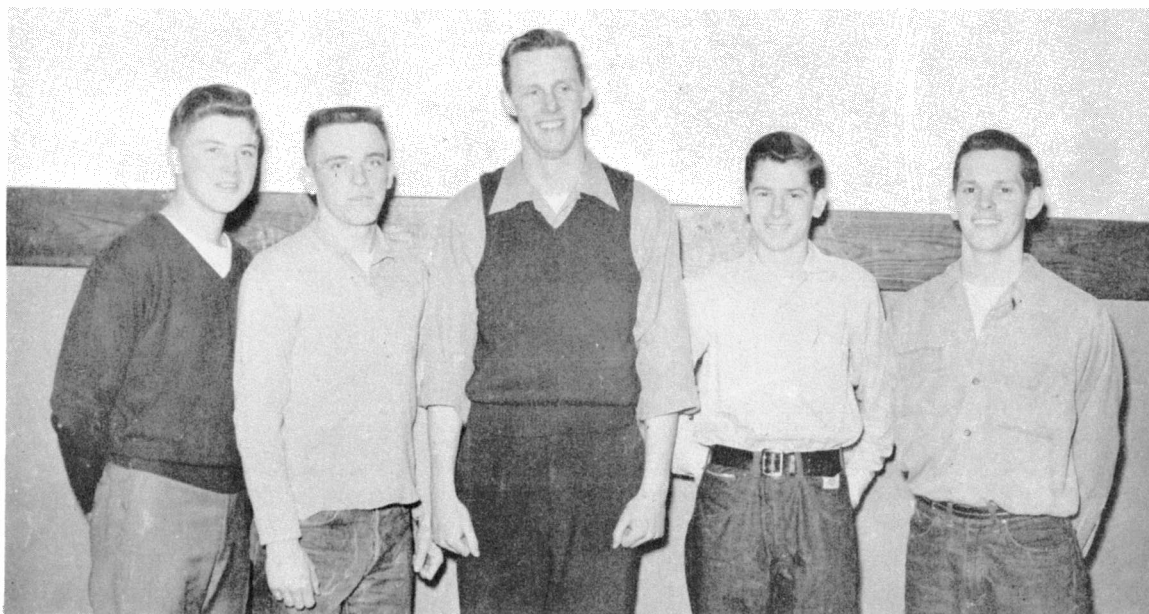
1953-54 BASKETBALL

JUNIORS

1. Jan. 22—Beal Tech—Sarnia won 31-27
2. Feb. 1.—Chatham Vocational School Sarnia won 40-31
3. Feb. 4—Chatham Collegiate Institute—C.C.I. won 32-31
4. Feb. 17—Leamington — Leamington won 56-40
5. Feb. 22—C.V.S.—Sarnia won 41-17
6. Feb. 24—Chatham C. I. Sarnia won 35-27
7. Feb. 26—Leamington—Sarnia won 25-24
8. March 2—Chatham—Chatham won 44-40.

SENIORS

1. Jan. 22—Beal—Sarnia won 48-24
2. Feb. 1—C.V.S.—Sarnia won 54-37
3. Feb. 4—C.C.I.—Sarnia won 57-34
4. Feb. 17—Leamington—Sarnia won 52-44
5. Feb. 22—C.V.S.—Sarnia won 60-43
6. Feb. 24—C.C.I.—Sarnia won 50-36
7. Feb. 26—Leamington—Sarnia won 45-35
8. March 12—London Central—L. C. won 44-35
9. March 19—Guelph—Sarnia won 54-51

**BOYS' ATHLETIC**

John Biehn, Dick Hamilton, Wayne Colbourne, Tom Gander, Eric Haddon

THE BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY ASSOCIATION

The Boys' Athletic Association in the school sponsors the following school teams: Football, Soccer, Basketball, Volleyball and Track, all of which enter into regular inter-school competition in the Western Ontario Secondary School Association, or WOSSA as it is commonly known. To help pay the cost of equipment, transportation, etc., the Society sells Athletic Cards at the outset of

each school year. To the boys, for one dollar, the privilege of participating in all school sports and attending all games played by school teams without further cost was given. For the girls, the right-hand half of the card could be purchased for fifty cents, and this carried the privilege of attending the games as mentioned before. The Association is thus a vital part of the school and deserved the support of every student.

BASKETBALL 1955**JUNIORS**

- Jan. 24 1. Sarnia at Petrolia H.S. Sarnia lost 66-46
- Feb. 10. 2. Sarnia at London South—Sarnia won 43-37
- Feb. 14 3. Sarnia at C.C.I.—Sarnia lost 55-40
- Feb. 21 4. C.C.I. at Sarnia—Sarnia lost 47-44.

SENIORS

- 1. Jan. 19 Sarnia and Port Huron Junior College—Sarnia won 56-31
- 2. Jan. 24 Sarnia and Petrolia H.S.—Sarnia won 71-56

- 3. Jan. 26 Port Huron-J.C. at Sarnia—Sarnia lost 60-58
- 4. Feb. 7 Petrolia at Sarnia—Sarnia won 67-46
- 5. Feb. 9 Sarnia and Port Huron J.C.—Sarnia lost 43-49
- 6. Feb. 10 Sarnia at London South—Sarnia won 45-33
- 7. Feb. 14 Sarnia at Chatham Collegiate Institute—Sarnia won 48-32
- 8. Feb. 16 Sarnia at Port Huron—Sarnia lost 49-44
- 9. Feb. 21 C.C.I. at Sarnia—Sarnia won 73-40
- 10. Feb. 25 Corpus Christi (Windsor) at Sarnia—Sarnia won 70-50.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back—R. Robinson, D. Courtney, F. Stark, Mr. Robinson, B. Philips, L. Porter

Front—M. Saunders, R. Benson, J. Payne, L. Robinson, D. Boucher

The Seniors entered the WOSSA "A" tournament in London on March 11th and 12th. They were edged 64-52 in the first round by Kennedy Collegiate, the champions of Windsor. On March 12th, the Blue Bombers played against Kitchener-Waterloo in the consolation round, and won by 15 points.

In their season, the Seniors had a fairly good record, winning nine out of 13 games. The three top scorers were Wayne Colborne, Bill Horley and Jack Brydges.

On March 3rd the Senior Basketball team went to Corpus Christi, playing the return game there, which they won 62-43.

WOSSA VOLLEYBALL

For the second year in its history the school WOSSA Volleyball Team entered the WOSSA "A" Tournament in London

on December 4th. The team was much better prepared for the tournament and the calibre of play on the part of all competing teams was much better than the previous year. The school team was able to win only two of its six games, thus tying for fourth place.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The Tennis Tournament was held at Windsor on Oct. 3rd. Participating from Sarnia Collegiate were Bill Kilborn, Robert Wittham, Jack Banks, Linda Nethery, Margaret Kukucka and Pat Smith. Margaret and Pat defeated Dorothy Coles and Sally Duchamp, from London South, in the final round, winning the WOSSA Girls Doubles. Our congratulations are extended to these girls who have won in tennis from Sarnia for the first time in several years.

**SENIOR CURLERS**

Ken Fleet, Bill Fraser, Ed. Fraser, Bruce Fleet

CURLING

The Curling Team, composed of Bill Fraser (skip), Ed Fraser, Bruce Fleet and Ken Fleet did very well this year. On Dec. 29, Fraser's rink won over another Sarnia team, skipped by Ted Evans, and two Chatham teams to win the district championship.

At Guelph, on January 15th, they overcame Owen Sound 11-7 to win the Ontario Schoolboy Championship, for which they were presented with the Empire Life Trophy and sweaters.

The Dominion Championships were played at Sydney, N.S., from February 15

to 19, and Fraser's rink competed, representing Ontario. After winning their first three games, the boys' luck changed and they lost the next two to Alberta and Saskatchewan. They won the next four games however, and finished tied for second place with Prince Edward Island and Alberta, each with seven wins and two losses. First in the series was the rink from Saskatoon Technical School, with 8 wins and one loss, giving them the Dominion Championship.

A word should be included about Bob Heartwell, Bill McCart Jr. and other skips and curlers at the Sarnia Curling Club who assisted the boys greatly.

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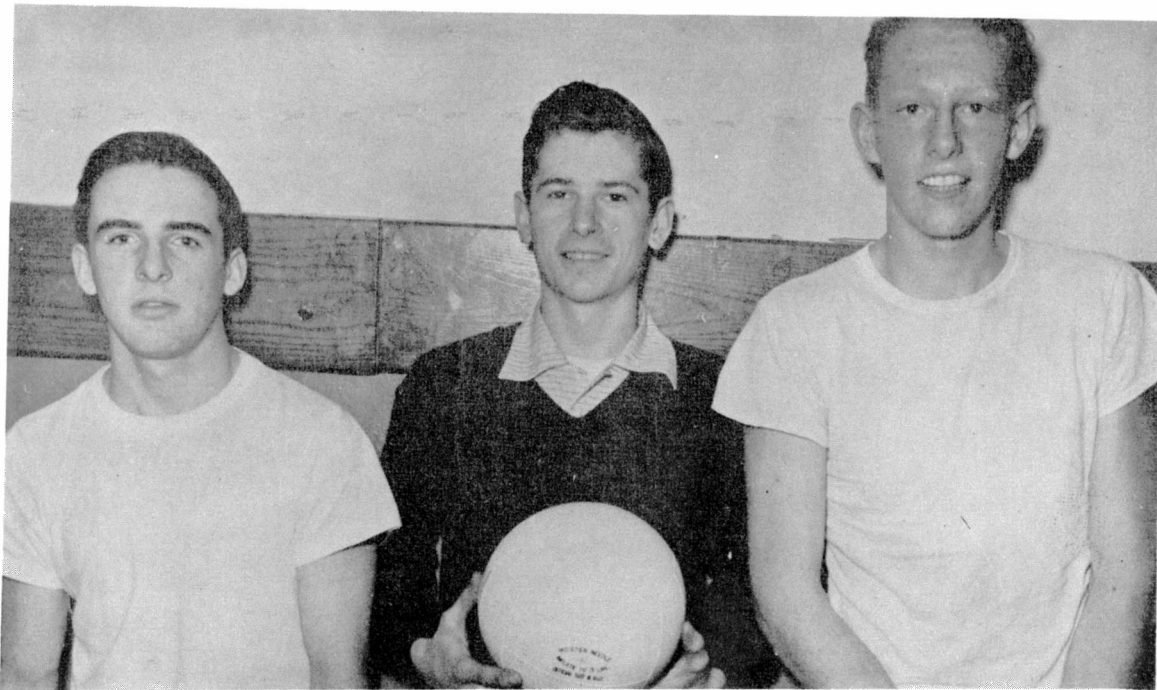
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JUNIOR CURLERS

Cam Lewis, Bob Britney, Ross Dougherty, Ted Evans



VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Bill Logie, Tom Gander, Tom Richards



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Pat Anderson, Midge Trelevan, Marg Hardy, Barbara Dustan

**SOCCER TEAM**

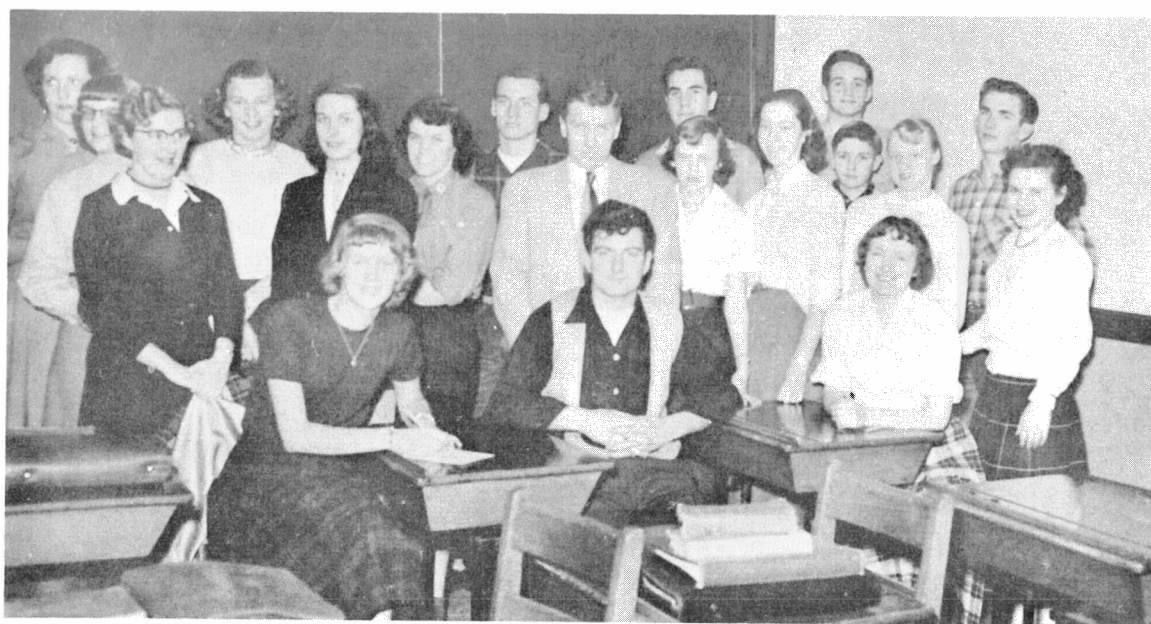


DRAMA CLUB

Back Row- Left to right—John Brunditt, Heather MacKenzie, Nadine Struthers, Ralph MacIntosh, Sheila McLeod, Evelyn Clark, Carol Muir, Gayle White, Mary Needham, Claudia Dicaire, Gail Fleet, Pat Durrance, Grant Hopkins, Pat Warwick, Roger Bradley

Front—June Pollard, Mrs. Ashman

Absent—Anne Oldham, Sandra Pirie, Don Robbins, Pat Smith, Barb Shapiro, Stan Percival, Lorna Robinson, Helen Pool, Wilf Chapple, Mary MacAskill



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

**GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM****INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**

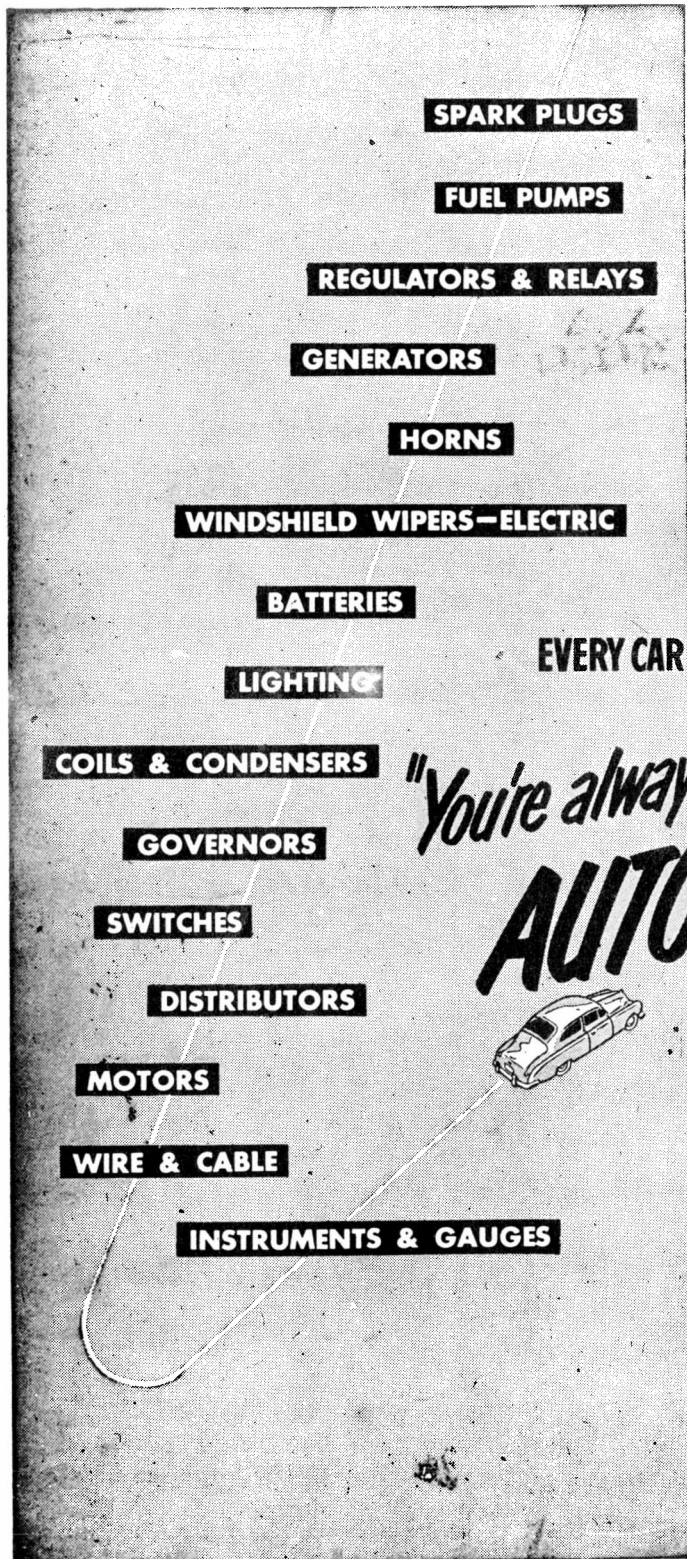


SCITS CLUB EXECUTIVE

Pat Thrower, Mary Jane Cockerell, Carol Brown, Stan Percival

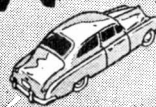


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WEATHER

A slight clearing in French this morning, followed by Trig. storms later today.

The S.C.I.T.S. Disturber

Published Occasionally in
Cherokee, Fijian,
Hindustani and
Broken English

VOL. XLIV 337½

EDITOR—J. PUGNATIOUS CRUMB

S.C.I.T.S. TO BE DEMOLISHED

Society Notes

By MRS. GUSHY VANDERLIP

Mass Book-Burning To Be Held

Late in June a soiree which promises to be the social event of 1954-55 will take place. All graduating students have been invited to take part in a mass book-burning programme which will be the climax of, many a nine or ten year career at the school.

A large bon-fire will be kindled on Wellington Street and each student will pass by dropping his books in the fire and saying, "Au Revoir for ever, dear Alma Mater."

A two minute silence will be held for those who died trying and then we will retire to the school where party lemonade (one drop lemon to one gallon water) will be served.

Boys' Athletic To Organize Ballet Society

Yes—at last the dream of the culture-loving section of the school is about to come to pass—our own ballet group. This decision came after a great deal of deliberation on the part of the Boys' Athletic and a special council of interested students.

The first presentation will be Tchaikowsky's "Le Lac des Cygnes" or "Swan Lake." Casting has already started and it is fairly certain that the part of Prince Siegfried will be danced by Rodney Dangerfield, while the premiere danseuse in the "Odette-Odille" role will be Francine Tippietoes.

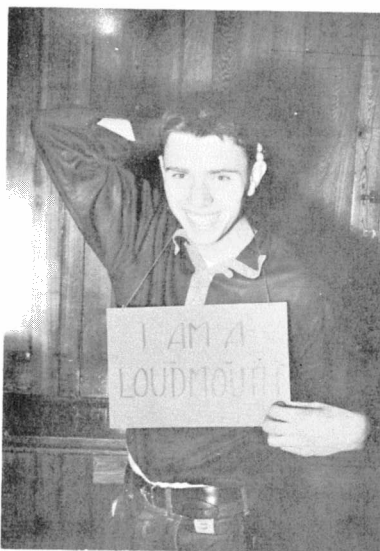
Mr. Danychuk has already been chosen as ballet-master so that I am sure we can all expect a gala performance. I know I do! Don't you?

Absolutely Essential Says Noted Scientist

The Sarnia Board of Education disclosed today, that it had received instructions from the Department to allow the demolition of S.C.I.T.S. These instructions were given due to the fact that recently it was discovered that under the foundations of the building is located an ancient burying ground of the Beateonthetomtom Indians, who were previously believed to be legendary.

The noted archaeologist, Dr. Ludwig von Saurkraut was quoted as saying, "This is a discovery of the first magnitude. A thing of far greater importance than any mere school. I am sure the importance of this discovery will compensate the students for the loss of their beloved school."

At last report angry students were organizing riots in protest to the department's ruling.



District Snakes-And-Ladders Contest To Be Held In Sarnia

After many years of placing unsuccessful bids to WOSSA for locating the snakes-and-ladders competitions in Sarnia, they are going to be held here.

This is most fortunate as old SCITS has a top-notch, A-1 team this year, with such stalwarts as Thadeus Gotch and Murgatroyd "Tuffy" Smith.

The experts are figuring a close score in the Sarnia-Snyder Swamp encounter for although we have some spectacular ladder-men they are unbelievable snakes.

Admission to these thrilling matches to be held in the Men Teachers' Room is only \$12 with your Athletic Card, so lets have everyone out.



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SPECIAL FEATURES

TANGLEWOOD OPERA QUARTET

This year's Community Concert season was opened with a fine performance by the Tanglewood Opera Quartet, consisting of a soprano, a mezzo-soprano, a tenor and a bass. The program was entirely operatic and included selections from well known operas such as the "Barber of Seville". As one of their encores they gave a song from "Oklahoma" which was much appreciated. This quartet was formed as a result of the Berkshire Music Centre and Festival of Tanglewood, Mass. Here the members met and are now touring America.

OCTOBER 16—ROBERT FRIARS

A series of six travelogues was sponsored this year by the Sarnia Kiwanis Club. The first speaker, Robert Friars of Illinois, gave a very interesting lecture on a "Trip Through England and Scotland". He showed films of many places of beauty and interest in the British Isles and gave some idea of the British way of life. The last part of the film, devoted to the Trooping of the Colours on the Queen's birthday, presented a colorful picture of that great spectacle.

GREY CUP FINAL

The two lucky students representing our school this year at the Grey Cup Finals this year were Carol Roundell and Piet Vandermeer. They won the tickets jointly at the annual Soccer Ball held in October. They saw that very exciting game and enjoyed themselves very much.

ASSEMBLY, NOVEMBER 4 BAY CITY ORCHESTRA

One of the highlights of this year's assemblies was the performance of a fifty-piece orchestra from Bay City Central High School. Under the direction of the conductor, Mr. Walter Cramer, they provided a fine program of classical and popular music. A ballet number, a violin solo, and a trumpet solo accompanied by the orchestra varied the entertainment, which was apparently highly enjoyed by the students. All agreed it was the best school orchestra they had heard.

NOVEMBER 4—STAN MIDGLEY

"Autumn Across America" was the title of the second travelogue given by Stan Midgley of California. The films were very colorful and showed parts of the United States at the peak of their autumn splendour. They ran from the New England States to the Pacific ranges and as an added attraction showed the annual Rose Parade at Pasadena.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

A special Remembrance Day Assembly was held on November 10th for the Seniors and on the 12th for the Juniors. The guest speaker, the Rev. Campbell of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church gave a very inspiring address, stressing the significance and importance of such a day.

PARENTS' NIGHT

Nov. 5 was Parents' Night at the school, with a great many visitors attend-

ing. All the teachers were present and the school was lit from stem to stern. Credit is due the Key Club which provided about fifteen ushers. Most of the parents were those of Grade 9 students, who wanted to meet their offsprings' teachers and discuss the marks of the first report card. On the whole the results of the evening were quite satisfactory.

NOVEMBER 18—THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING

As their first performance of this year the Sarnia Drama League presented Christopher Fry's "The Lady's Not For Burning", under the direction of John Legate. It was considered by the audience and the adjudicator, Mr. Roy Irving, to be a great success and very well interpreted. Gene McLaughlin's portrayal of the eccentric Thomas Mendip was particularly well done.

NOVEMBER 27—SAINT JOAN

Shaw's Saint Joan was brilliantly presented by the Canadian Players on November 27. The Canadian Players is a new company of Canadian professional actors recruited from the ranks of the Stratford Festival players. The costumes were modern and the settings simple so that attention was focussed on the play and the acting. A rather unusual feature was the fact that each man played two or three roles and the swift character changes were achieved without apparent effort.

DECEMBER 13—CLIFFORD CURZON

The English pianist, Clifford Curzon, delighted a large Sarnia audience in December with his brilliant artistry and technique. He has been hailed as one of the greatest pianists of the day and I think that most Sarnians attending the performance would agree. The program was highly artistic, including works of Schumann, Ravel and Mendelssohn. Schubert's "Moment Musical" was one of his encores. Mr. Curzon came first to America in 1939 and then returned for his "second debut" in 1947 with the New York Philharmonic Symphony.

CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

The auditorium was packed for this assembly which is generally accepted as the best of the year. After singing Christmas carols the combined junior-senior assembly witnessed a one-act play. June Pollard introduced the Drama Club's version of "The Laughing Ghost", a mystery-comedy; Patsy Durance introduced the characters. The cast was composed of: Gail Fleet as Pam, John Brundritt as Joe, Evelyn Clark as Daisy, Barb Shapiro as Elaine, Carol Muir as Aunt Barbara, Stan Percival as Uncle Ed and Mary Needham as Cleopatra. A few guests were present, one of which was Thelma Ferris, past-president of the School Drama Club. After the play service pins were presented, on behalf of the students, to all teachers who have been at the school for ten years or more. A happy array of students filed out of the auditorium after this, officially excused from school until after the Christmas holidays. A collection for Korean children was taken at the door.

COMMENCEMENT

The annual Commencement Exercises were held on Tuesday, December 21, with a much larger number of graduates attending than there has been for several years. Mr. Johnson welcomed the audience and graduates and the presentation of honour certificates, scholarships, bursaries and graduation diplomas followed. Selections by the school orchestra and the Glee Club provided entertainment.

JANUARY 3—MILDRED DILLING

The famous harpist Mildred Dilling, who is known on this continent and abroad for her skill, gave a unique evening of entertainment to Sarnia concert-goers. Part way through the program she gave an interesting talk, describing the evolution of the harp from its earliest beginning to the present. She illustrated her talk with items from her collection of harps, probably the largest in the world. Miss Dilling has also achieved fame as the teacher of Harpo Marx.

JANUARY 8—CURTIS NAGEL

Curtis Nagel, Hollywood photographer, provided a very interesting evening in the third of the Travel and Adventure series. "A Trip Through the Rhineland" began at the river's source high up in the Swiss Alps and followed it to its mouth on the North Sea. The scenery of the Rhine valley is strikingly beautiful and rivals that of the British Isles. The picturesque hamlets and colorful native costumes and dances heightened the interest of the film and the excellent photography was up to Mr. Nagel's usual high standard.

DRAMA LEAGUE

As their second production this season, the Sarnia Drama League staged the play "Shadow and Substance" under the direction of Winston Walker. The heavy male role, that of the Canon, was taken by John Legate. Fran Lewis played the part of the maid, Brigit, and her performance was particularly convincing. An outstanding feature of the production was the very effective lighting.

TRAVELOGUE

Colonel John Craig, a producer of Hollywood adventure films, took his Sarnia audience on a lovely holiday trip through the Spanish Main. With their small yacht, the "Morning Star", he and his companions began their trip in Florida, travelled along the Gulf of Mexico and then visited some of the West Indies. Much of their time they spent deep-sea diving. At one point just off the island of Hispaniola, they discovered an old anchor, completely covered with coral, which may have belonged to Columbus' ill-fated ship, the Santa Maria. They also made several underwater films and these presented a fascinating picture of undersea life in the Caribbean.

Jack Goodman gave the Valedictory Address and from him David Sadlier, a member of Grade nine, accepted the torch, the symbol of learning.

CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN

Remember the Clean-up Campaign last year? Grade Thirteen, T-12, C-12 and Special Commercial certainly kept the place looking good. From the looks of the insides of some of the desks this year we would suggest that steps be taken by the senior forms next year to improve the situation. Remember the flu epidemic late this February? It's a good bet that desks full of dirty kleenex don't hinder the spread of such harmful viruses.

HONOUR SYSTEM

Remember the honour system? Apparently some of this year's Upper School students were ready to fight to get it back until someone pointed out that they are on a type of honour system now and that many schools have much more rigid systems of government than S.C.I. & T.S.

TEACHER-STUDENT VOLLEYBALL

The 1953-54 volleyball game between the teachers and the students followed the now standard routine. The overly-confident students challenged the teachers to a game and the offer was accepted. After two games each team had won one, and the teachers, of course, won the final game and claimed the Garbett Trophy.

CADET DANCE

With the arrival of spring comes the ever-popular Cadet Dance. As usual, the attendance in 1954 was good, and the decorations were very glamorous. The gym was gaily bedecked with streamers, and flags, maple leaves, crossed rifles and bright pillars transformed the usually barren walls to a fairy-land.

Here's a local boy makes good story. We are very proud of last year's humour editor, DOUG BOYLAN. Doug is the editor of the Albert College magazine this year. Congratulations "Bugs"!

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Irene—"So why don't you go?"

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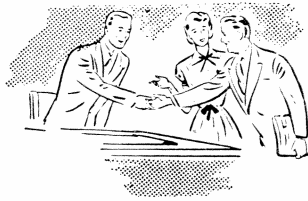
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Doctor—"No, but it will seem like it."

Bill F.—"They say brunettes have sweeter dispositions than blondes."

Bruce F.—"They're crazy. My girl friend's been both and I can't see any difference."

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G. A. Hogan



"It's a Women's World," quotes Sandra! But only because it's Dave's.

Anne's man-ned "Fleet" is still sailing on London Road.

It's hard to decide which is more interesting "Carol"-ing or History, eh Bob.

Wayne prefers "Suade" when he steps out.

Everything is always "Oakie" with Mugs. Just ask her!

It seems no one told "Dusty", who was quite entertained by misletoe, that there was also dancing that night.

With half the student body living on Conrad Street, it's hard to sneak in late, isn't it Ron?

"Bob"-bing along to hockey games keeps Pat happy.

Why with Gail behind him, Jerry can't help being a football hero.

"Grant" you Alma College has more then our Collegiate besides further education.

It's a good thing there's a wall around a certain part of Kingston or Sally would be standing guard. But then who wouldn't guard what she'd be guarding!

Never such devoted "Sisters" till Marge wore the dress, took Ron, and Barb stayed home.

Tut-tut, girls! Because Rod is "Carol"-ing there will be no swooning.

It's doubtful if even a Dragnet could fish out two hep-cats like J.L. and J.B. on Fridays.

"Going Steady" can't be kept a secret very long, can it "Dusty" and "Marilyn"?

It seems that there are two Dad-daddys cutting in on two Frasers' time!

Not many know that John, although interested in Biology, spends quite a lot of his time studying H.M.

The hospital is as good a place as any to meet friends, both old and new eh, Marlene?

Even a Model T would have come in handy when there were still 6 miles to walk home again. Don't you agree "Melvin"?

"Dot" was on the spot when Doug started dating "Maxine"

It's obvious Norma and Luke make music together.

"Gail", rain, nor sleet will keep "Mike" away.

And we think we're crazy mixed-up kids! Man, there's one individual named "Ralph", who insists on going steady with at least three girls at once.

The "Dick"-ens with Physics says "Marie".

Beware when "Pat" is wheeling that big Ford, unless "Keith" is a pilot.

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In the past year, the "Ad Astra," has received complimentary editions of year books from all over the Empire. We thank the editors who have sent us their year books, for they have provided new sources of inspiration, and new provocation of thought. We hope to exchange with these schools in future years.

The "BLUE AND WHITE,"—Walkerville High School, Windsor, Ontario.

The graduate section in this book is commendable. A magazine which seems to cover all phases of school life well.

The "CHAMBLY ANNUAL,"—Chambly County High School, Montreal, Quebec.

We enjoyed immensely your section of "Campus Caricatures," which has made this magazine outstanding from all others.

The "GREEN AND GOLD,"—Scollard Hall, North Bay, Ontario.

The photography was outstanding, and the cover was very smart, indeed!

"ARGUS",—Sault Ste. Marie High School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

A book well-planned, and well-executed; distinguished for literary, pictorial, and artistic excellence.

"THE BREEZES,"—Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

An excellent publication in all respects.

"THE REVIEW,"—St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario.

A semi-annual magazine characterized by a good Literary Section.

"VOX COLLEGIENSIS,"—St. Catharines Collegiate and Vocational School, St. Catharines, Ontario.

A commendable effort distinguished by devotion to student activities, and extra-curricular activities.

"VOX STUDENTIUM,"—Niagara Falls Collegiate and Vocational School, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

An attractive, and impressive cover, but too little stress on the Literary Section.

"THE ALIBI,"—Albert College, Belleville, Ontario.

This edition is a credit to the school. This year's editor-in-chief is Doug Boylan, a past student of S.C.I.T.S.

"ACTA LUDI,"—Oshawa Collegiate and Vocational School, Oshawa, Ontario.

This is an all round magazine with sports, literature, and clubs of the school all thoroughly covered. A job well done!

The "GRUMBLER,"—Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate and Vocational School, Kitchener, Ontario.

This edition is certainly a credit to this school. It is complete with well arranged editorials, photographs, and snapshot page.

Other magazines we have received and enjoyed:

The "CRITIC,"—Colchester County Academy, Truro, Nova Scotia.

The "TECHALOGUE,"—Saskatoon Technical Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

"FI-PA-HI,"—Fisher Park High School, Ottawa, Ontario.

"KENCOLL,"—Kennedy Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ontario.

"WESTWARD HO!"—Western Technical-Commercial School, Toronto, Ont.

"THE PATRICIAN,"—Patterson Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ontario.

"AUREA VINCULA,"—Forest District High School, Forest, Ontario.

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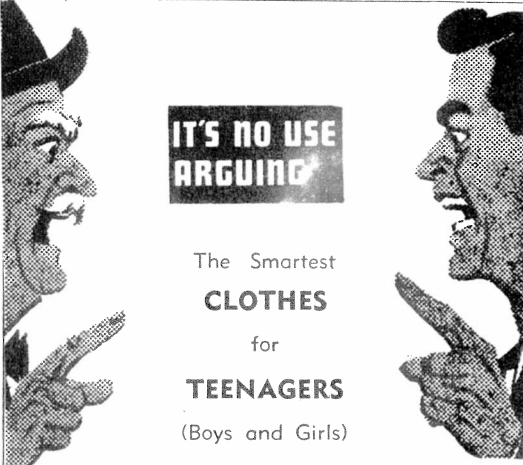
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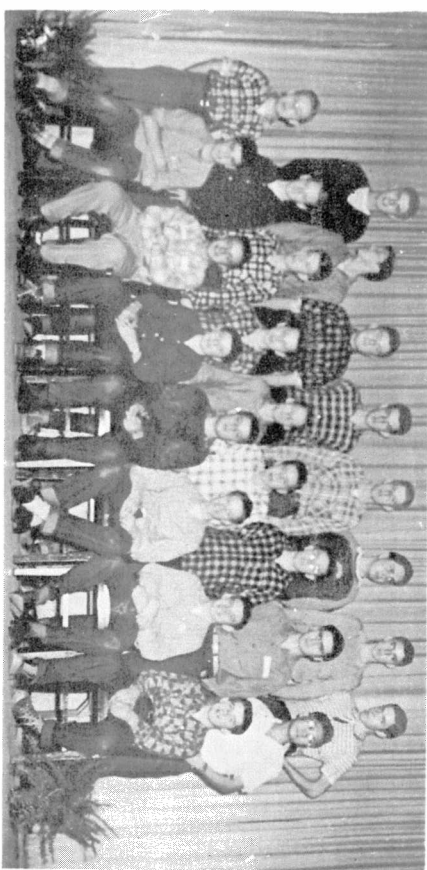
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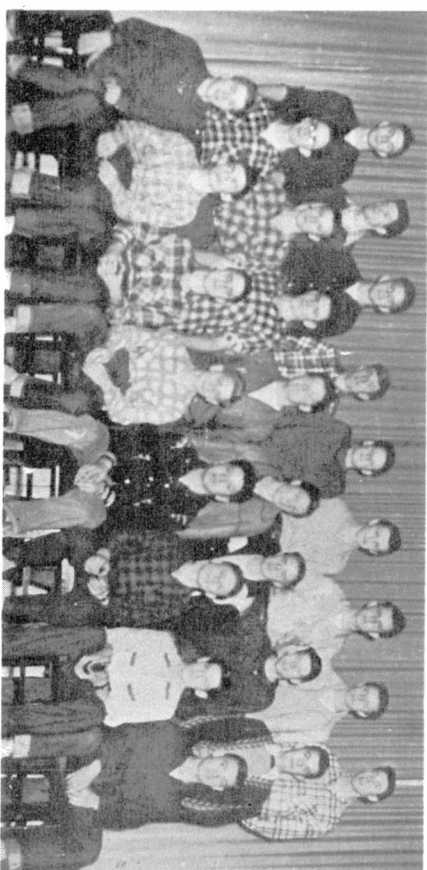
9-1
Back Row left to right—Gordon Toy, B. Auld, D. Kelch, W. Kelch, R. Timms, D. Aubin, D. Foster, T. Jackson.
Middle Row left to right—C. Gollie, B. West, M. Didonato, G. Jovichevich, H. Johnson, P. Whitton, D. McPhedran, J. Perkins, L. Windover.
Front Row left to right—W. Newman, K. Wyonch, B. Mitchell, P. Bucks, G. Cummings, G. Coughlin, R. Barton.
Missing—H. Avery, J. Causely, H. Chadwick, D. Hamsworth, W. Todich.



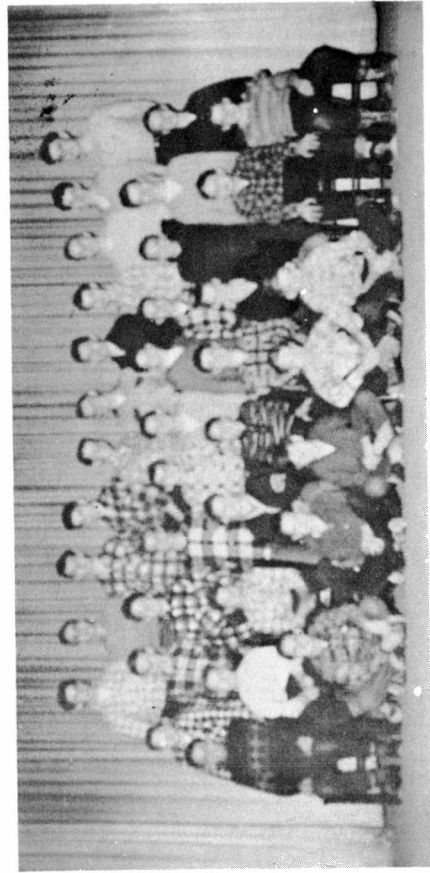
9-2
Back Row left to right—R. Drury, J. Charington, D. Watson, J. Lamb, A. Brazeau, L. Normandin, K. Webb, J. King.
Middle Row left to right—D. Robertson, D. Dionne, E. Bradley, H. Johnston, L. Jones, N. Bothamley, J. Cole, R. Solustro, V. Dang.
Front Row left to right—T. Merrilless, M. Lost, N. Wolsey, V. Wright, F. Sturge, T. Bendall, R. Hill.
Missing—B. Bailey, A. Hocking.



9-3
Back Row left to right—M. Miller, W. Ramesbottom, B. McGuire, J. Scott, G. Lemoine, K. Matheson, R. Simpkins, J. Fritzley, S. Britton.
Middle Row left to right—J. Watters, J. Addy, K. Grant, C. Avery, F. Dennison, B. Freer, J. Hornblower, T. Power.
Front Row left to right—K. Boone, J. Paudley, B. Passingham, J. Hus, A. Adams, R. Skelton, B. Turner, B. Gates.
Missing—G. Clarke, R. Clarke, G. Grunte, G. Lemoine, G. Philips, H. Plain.



9-4
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Missing—G. Clarke, R. Clarke, G. Grunte, G. Lemoine, G. Philips, H. Plain.



9-5

J. Andrew, R. Armstrong, F. Boici, M. Beauchamp, J. Burns, W. Dogswell, G. Cooke, B. Cooper, L. Corbett, I. Cox, T. DeGurse, L. Donohue, J. Hall, D. Helps, B. Hillier, J. Hodgins, C. Johnson, I. Johnson, H. Lane, R. Lane, C. Leach, J. McKegan, P. McKenna, K. McLachlan, K. Maness, J. Moll, J. Nesbitt, B. Sargent, W. Steele, R. Vincent, K. Wilkinson.



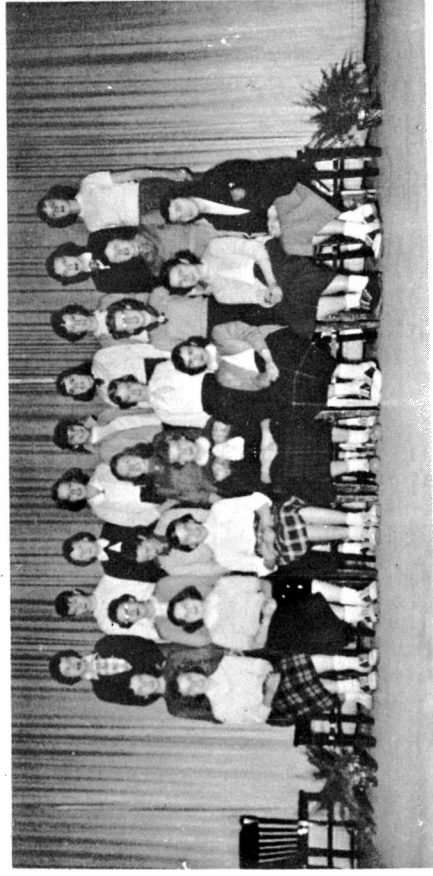
9-6

Back Row left to right—B. Strand, J. Cox, M. Holmes, B. Lammers, B. Russell, K. Turner, R. Beldon, T. Walker,
Middle Row left to right—R. Tedball, R. Demaray, G. Zimmer, J. Wrolyk, H. Barneveld, R. Lumely, W. Corner, L. Lester, G. Steele, G. Piliarik
Front Row left to right—J. Kennedy, K. Parsons, J. Hooper, K. Avey, A. Watson, D. Sheffield, B. Smith, P. Allen.
Missing—T. Collier, R. Ingles, L. Malott, J. Scott, T. Smith, W. Terrel, K. Thompson.



9-7

Bottom Row left to right—Dorothy Rawcliffe, Marilyn Hamilton, Margaret Reid, Eleanor Lucas, Ann Dagg, Peggy Large, Anita Anderson.
Second Row left to right—Penny Vince, Frances Quinn, Sheila Hillaby, Sharon Austin, Rosemary Johnston, Carol Cournish, Sandra Bettridge, Karen Eady.
Top Row left to right—Dale Marshall, Joanne Barnes, Mary Anne Hewitt, Helen Deuel, Delores Harris, Carole Coster, Norma Cranston.
Missing—Grace Gilliland, Carol Beazley, Judy Edgar, Doris Pederson, Loretta Harvey.



9-8

Front Row left to right—Vida Collins, Sharon Welch, Ann Sesterak, Audrey Wilson, Edith Tomlinson, Gwen Shortt, Diane Hutchinson.
Second Row left to right—Gloria Graham, Marilyn Coling, Anne Duke, Rose-Jean Simpson, Laureen Pavey, Faith Tomlinson, Shirley Sturge.
Back Row left to right—Marilyn Martin, Patsy Stocks, Patricia Quinn, Ann Cranmer, Donna Govier, Joyce Allen, Sally Ann Chate, Carole Marks, Sarah Ann Gunn.
Absent—Donna Strevel, Mary Anne Brown, Patricia Clark and Marion Bartley.

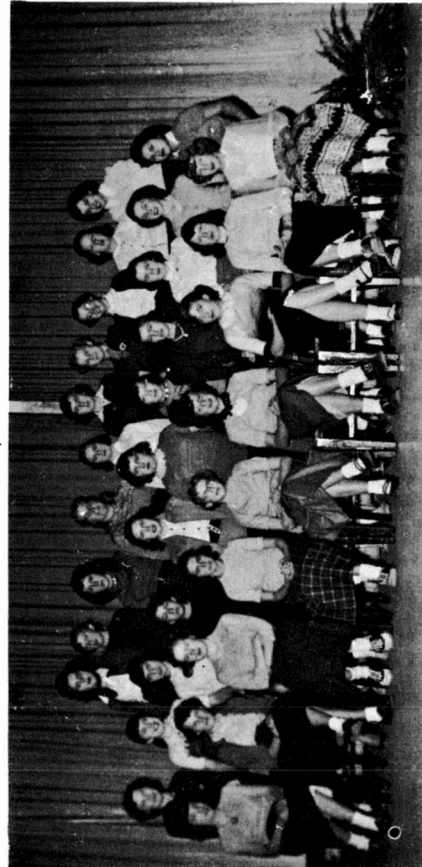


9-9

Front Row left to right—Jacquie Garvin, Pat Dabonovich, Dorothy Lalonde, Mary Lou McClughan, Barbara Cusack, Shirley Bailey, Carole Cameron, Carol Stephenson.

Middle Row left to right—Carol Wilson, Gail Bentley, Judy Roundell, Gayle Zenick, Hazel Wales, Connie Harris, Gail Glately, Mary Willouby, Ruby Sparks.

Top Row left to right—Gloria Brown, Sylvia Garrot, Mary Blakie, Gertrude Edwards, Barry Holden, Banniele Stevenson, Carol Underwood, Mary Carleton.



9-11

L. Allingham, H. Atkinson, N. Baker, J. Bannister, M. DeJong, D. Dennis, C. Dicaire, M. Gates, R. Greaves, Z. Hawryluk, J. Hendrikse, H. Hillman, M. Johnston, S. Laur, M. Lucas, H. Lund, D. McGee, M. McLeod, D. McMichael, J. Murray, G. Nesbitt, D. Neubauer, M. Nicholls, C. Phillips, H. Poole, L. Robinson, E. Shobway, B. Smith, C. Smith, D. Stover, E. Underwood, N. Vandermeer, N. Wilson, S. Williams.



9-10

First Row left to right—Janet Lindsey, Anne Kasoff, Marilyn Murray, Pat Stephenson, Lilian Miles, Verna O'Hara, Shirley Wheeler.

Second Row left to right—Doreen Eirick, Keitha Hyett, Dixie Dunham, Jean Hunter, Dolores Doyle, Donna May Gilbert, Teresa Emery, Carole Dease, Edna McKenney, Goldie Bunce, Shirley Thomlison.

Third Row left to right—Thelma Barker, Marilyn Willis, Jerry Rogers, Ruth Abram, Shirley Lukon, Rose Abram, Alice Hockstra, Joe Hendrie, Marilyn Robertson, Velda Douglas.



9-12

First Row left to right—George Culley, Murray McKinnon, Harold McClemens, Clarence McKinney, Otto Myllyoja, Ron Hernohen, George Ceaser, Doug Hays, George Herron, Edward Anderson.

Second Row left to right—Maxted Adelman, John Felton, Doug Bell, Bob Kennedy, Cliff Prentice, Delmar Reid, Bob Blake, John Albinson, Ken Babcock, Allan DeJong, Bill Hockney.

Third Row left to right—Henry DeJong, Garry McCord, James Thompson, Fred Shaw, John Hofflin, Albert Vallinga, Garry McNeil, Ralph MacIntosh, Henry Neinhause.

Fourth Row left to right—(bottom row) Ray Lowrey, Ken Hardy, John McFee, Garry Eskerod, Allan Graham.



9-13

Norma Mitchell, Linda Dowler, Catherine Sitter, Sharon Hunt, Karina Barkins, Jean Clark, Mildred Hillier, Marianne McGuire, Patricia Beno, Gail Selmon, Marilyn Penning, Marjorie Vosburg, Margaret Cameron, Marilyn Burgess, Denise Campbell, Ruth Oakes, Barbara Forsyth, Diana Robinson, Anne Shephard, Ann Trotter, Gail Hooper, Beverley Dease, Sally Leever, Elizabeth Ritchie, Fris Furlon, Stephanie Daly, Grace Walker, Maxine Hills, Patricia Blake, Carolyn Spice, Penny Nicholson, Bonita McLaughlin, Sylvia Moore, Florence Blake, Anne Brooks, Virginia Houseman.



9-15

Ann Hocking, Judy Ross, Ruth Talbot, Shirley Terpestra, Cynthia Durance, Judy Windette, Florence McKay, Ann Bartol, Muriel Callem, Shirley Dowler, Shiela Curry, Barbara Illingsworth, Gail Bruyee, Connie Cuthbertson, Janice Tulk, Leona Langan, Marian Myers, Faye Lightfoot, Marlene Smith, Dorothy Wilkinson, Darlene Hastings, Mary Pemberton, Patricia Warwick, Donna Cameron, Shirley Postin, Lenora Tombs, Heather Reid, Nancy Freer, Paula McKnight, Freeda Wells, Marjorie Chivers.



9-14

A. Adams, P. Bell, L. Bentley, B. Caudle, G. Chapple, D. Charyk, W. Churchill, G. Corner, J. Downie, B. Ferrell, J. Ferguson, J. Fowler, G. Fraser, P. DeGruchy, E. Healey, D. Hubbell, E. Kraft, L. Leonard, A. MacArthur, D. MacRae, F. McNaught, J. McKrae, J. Monteth, B. Neal, L. Newman, J. Palmer, A. Partridge, D. Parry, B. Prebble, T. Romf, G. Robertson, G. Shore, L. Spaulding, R. Stewart, W. Tighe, B. Robinson,, D. Wallace, D. Wellard, R. Widdup, W. Yorke.



9-16

Michael Harris, Larry Johnson, Garry McKenzie, David James, Logan Millman, Jim Callfas, Rose Miller, Bob Proutt, Jim Cameron, Brian Thrower, Murray McNeill Bill Knight, Rodney Blair, John Murphy, David Smith, Allan Brogden, Charles Phillips, Ron Skippin, Alan Browett, David Sadleir, David Fleet, Dan Belrose, Frederick McNaair, Douglas Sloan, Lee Roberts, Graeme Froud, Peter Loeck, John Harris, John Churchill, David Elliott, Paul Wilkins, Norman Chapple, Keith Irwin, Allan Waller, Ron Smith, Lex Gibson, Paul Reatherford, Bob Cooper.



9-17

Rhea Marriott, Nancy Willock, Roberta Keys, Jean Avery, Lillian Armour, Sally Deline, Janet Wood, Marguerite Macklin, Diane Phillips, Geraldine Maloney, Eileen Campbell, Judy McGregor, Anne Symington, Nancy Davidson, Anne Jones, Anna Sarasopolos, Marline Shaw, Linda Lewis, Andrea Foster, Janet Rinker, Gloria Graham, Carolyn Phippen, Rosemary Popovitch, Sylvia Irvine, Marie McEwen, Marion Muir, Carol Clark, Phyllis Van Sickle, Nancy Bailly, Patricia Skelton, Dianne Jones, Shirley Abell, Joanne Voge, Shirley Dukich, Shirley Busher, Dee Jones, Rose Turley.



9-18

L. Begarnie, S. Beynon, B. Brown, F. Cooper, D. Dinej, A. Duncan, P. Ewener, C. Ferris, J. Geddie, A. Hooke, T. Jones, B. Johnston, G. Kuz, B. Langley, A. McDonald, D. McDonald, T. McGaw, B. Marshall, J. Maw, I. Miller, W. Murray, H. Perala, D. Percival, C. Roberson, D. Robinson, C. Sacks, D. Shannon, D. Smith, R. Sweet, G. Taylor, H. Tithecott, J. Valley, D. Wiegand, B. Wilson, G. Winter.



9-19

N. Anderson, M. Banting, J. Becowery, D. Brock, B. Buist, J. Carr, P. Clawson, S. Cochran, J. Coulthart, J. Dill, C. Fralick, A. Fraser, B. Gardner, R. Harris, J. Heal, S. Hornblower, D. Jennings, D. Kidd, J. Kilbreath, C. MacKinlay, S. McLean, E. McNeil, G. McRae, C. Macklin, M. Pardee, D. Parsons, V. Pattison, P. Peper, J. Richards, M. Robertson, B. Rowzee, J. Scarrow, S. Symington, T. Thorner, A. Tiltman, P. Watson, S. Weaver.



9-20

Bill Tichinoff, Ken St. John, Paul Hornblower, Ernest Hill, Clark Wolff, Don Wighton, Don Robbins, Norman Parker, Bill Bush, Don Pugsley, Roy Kennedy, Terry Biehn, Murray McKean, Don Kerby, Jim Lambert, Don Sewell, Frank Spice, Reg. Metcalfe, Don Aiken, Bob Pierce, Marie Lines, Sylvia Lockyer, Doris Robinson, Lesia Hawryluk, Heather Turner, Elaine Hillis, Ann Marie Witsitt, Ann Ross, Greta McCullough, Jean Vandentoff, Gil Fleet, Carol Heart, Tom (Hut) Gites, Shelagh Rynn, Larry Williamson, Bob Whitham.

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THE WHITE CAST

On the night of the party, a festive mood hung over our house and any foreboding of an unpleasant evening was the farthest thing from my mind. Mom and Dad had been married for twenty years and were having a celebration by inviting our neighbours and friends over for an evening dinner.

"Twenty people are quite a few to accommodate," I reflected. "But after all, one doesn't have a twentieth anniversary every day. Let me see—the living room and dining room have been cleaned; the silver has been polished and the food is prepared. Golly, I hope that everything turns out well."

Just then, the doorbell rang and I hastily went to answer it. Tonight, it was my official duty to be butler and maid or to fill any other position that might be unexpectedly vacant.

"Hello! Come right in, Mr. and Mrs. Reinhard. I'm glad that you could come. Where is Elizabeth?"

"I'm sorry, Jan. Elizabeth is catching a cold and I thought that it would be better for her to stay at home this evening." With this, Mrs. Reinhard smiled, as if to say, "I'm sorry to put you to any extra trouble."

I cheerfully smiled back. "I understand, Mrs. Reinhard." Then I added, "I'll take your coats and you just go into the living room and make yourselves at home."

At this moment, the Flynns, who were our best friends, arrived. They entered the living room and were talking and smiling and were evidently in a very gay mood. Mr. Flynn politely spoke to the Reinhards, but much to my disgust Mrs. Flynn didn't even speak to Mrs. Reinhard when she said "hello." Instead Mrs. Flynn calmly turned her back towards Mrs. Reinhard and walked to the opposite side of the room, where she sat down to talk to my mother.

Literature

"Why would Mary Flynn snub Mrs. Reinhard so deliberately," I pondered, puzzled and quite perplexed. I went over in my mind and events that might have occurred where Mrs. Reinhard might have done something to deserve such treatment. "Good grief," I thought. "Mrs. Reinhard hasn't been here for more than a month and already she has made an enemy. And that enemy is our best friend." As I stood there frowning, I realized that mother had said something to "pop" about Mrs. Flynn's avoiding Mrs. Reinhard at some of their club meetings. Then I scolded myself. "Goodness, Jan! You know by now that Mrs. Reinhard is a wonderful person. In fact, you know the whole family well enough to realize that Mrs. Reinhard or anyone else does not, at any time, rate a cruel snub like the one given by Mary Flynn. Whatever has happened?"

The Reinhards had moved next door about a month ago. At this time, many immigrants were moving to Canada, but not too many had come to our small town for the reason that we haven't the great wealth of jobs that other larger towns have.

At school I became acquainted with Elizabeth, and our parents also grew to know each other very well. Elizabeth was the Reinhard's only daughter but they also had a son who was going to a medical school in the United States. Mr. Reinhard is a lab technician, which is an excellent profession and so the family managed quite well financially. However, money can never blot out their terrible war experiences. Mr. Reinhard had been in a concentration camp for three years, while his wife and children were fleeing from one city to another. Finally, they were reunited in Paris; from thence they came to Canada. Now that they were slowly gaining some happiness, Mrs. Flynn was taking over where the "Germans" had left off.

Our whole family had previously been aware of Mrs. Flynn's coolness towards "D.P." people, as she called them, but we had hoped that she would grow to know and like the Reinhard's as we had. Mrs. Reinhard was so kind and friendly that one couldn't help liking her immediately. She was forever baking cakes and German bread for her neighbours but I'm sorry to say that we were the only ones who accepted her delicious gifts.

Evidently the rest of the neighbourhood was taking Mrs. Flynn's side. Up until the present, I had been completely unaware of what was taking place. I realized now that the situation had developed, so that we were between two hostile forces.

Now that I was certain how Mrs. Flynn felt, I wanted to speak to her but I didn't get a chance as Mrs. Reinhard was talking about some German customs and about some German cities. I didn't wish to interrupt her, but before I had a chance to do anything at all, Mrs. Flynn haughtily stood up.

Looking straight at Mrs. Reinhard she slowly and deliberately remarked, "Really, Mrs. Reinhard! Your talking has given me a terrific headache." Then turning to Ann Whyte, she spoke with a sarcastic smile, "Ann dear, would you please help me to the powder room? All of a sudden the air in this room has become dreadfully close." So the two women right in the midst of Mrs. Reinhard's conversation left the room, leaving behind them an awkward silence.

Mother, in haste, asked Mrs. Reinhard if she would help her to get some linen serviettes from the linen closet. To secure these, they must go by the powder room and mother later remarked that it was a wonder that everyone in the living room didn't hear Mrs. Flynn and Mrs. Whyte talking and giggling like two teenagers.

"Really," laughed Mrs. Flynn. "What a ridiculous family! If they liked Germany so well why didn't they stay there?"

"And," added Mrs. Whyte, "that baking of hers! She might have put poison in some of her pies and cakes. That's a better way to fight a war." Then they both laughed merrily.

Mrs. Reinhard stood stiff and unmoving as if someone had struck her. My mother,

as she later told me, just stood there speechless.

"I just couldn't believe my ears," she remarked in an amazed voice to my father after all the excitement had passed.

Whether it was Fate or Mother's prayer, a sudden roaring crash echoed and re-echoed throughout the house. Upon further investigation, we found that Mr. Flynn had hurt his leg badly when he was helping Dad and Mr. Reinhard move some crates in the basement. They had been doing this to get some pickles but Mr. Flynn, because of the dark shadows had been unable to see one large crate which was dangerously teetering back and forth. One little shove was all that had been needed to cause it to go crashing down on Mr. Flynn's leg with disastrous results.

A doctor was immediately summoned and he took Mr. Flynn to the hospital, where it was found that a bone in his leg had been cracked and that a cast had to be put on the injured leg to knit the one particular bone correctly. Thus our party ended on a "sour note."

Two days later, when Mr. Flynn came home from the hospital I was more than surprised to see the two Flynn children playing in the Reinhard's yard. Later, I discovered that Mrs. Reinhard was taking care of the children during the day while Mrs. Flynn gave Mr. Flynn the care that he needed. How had this event come about?

Mary brought the children home for the night and I guess that she was exasperated by the talk of the children.

"Mommy, do you know that Mrs. Reinhard made us some gingerbreadmen? Some lovely big men too! With this, young Jim Jr. smacked his lips. "Umm!"

"Yes, that was okay, but do you know that Mr. Reinhard let us help him paint their fence? A pretty red was the colour and I just dipped the brush in the can and slopped away. We really had fun. Then, Beverly happily added, "I can hardly wait to go there to-morrow."

After Mrs. Flynn put the children to bed, she slowly went to the den where Jim Flynn sat in an easy chair, resting his leg on a footstool. The light from the fireplace cast dancing shadows on the walls of the room, so that with the lights dim, the room looked very cosy and friendly. This at-

mosphere, however had no effect whatsoever on Mrs. Flynn's thoughts which were by no means placid and calm. She heaved a desperate and trembling sigh, as if she were in deep trouble or enclosed by some force which wouldn't permit her to escape.

Jim Flynn, startled looked up from his reading. "Something troubling you, dear?"

Mrs. Flynn hesitatingly replied. "The—the "

"What is the matter?"

"The Reinhards."

"The Reinhards!" Mr. Flynn almost shouted the words out. "Why would they be bothering you? After all that they have done for us, I do not think that we shall ever be able to repay their kindness."

Slowly, Mrs. Flynn unfolded the story. She told about the events at the anniversary party when she had been so cruel and so small minded. She went on, not even sparing herself and showing how she had actually led the neighbours against the Reinhards, who had not harmed anyone. When she had finished she began crying and sobbing she added, "Somehow I must show that family how sorry I really am."

Mr. Flynn just sat there, still and stunned. Then he spoke, almost in a whisper, "How could you? How could you?"

Then Mrs. Flynn cried, "Oh Jim, I must apologize to them. If only God would forgive for what I have done."

"Yes," Mr. Flynn having recovered from the shock, slowly said. "There is certainly an apology in order. It's a delicate situation that you and only you have created. But I've found the Reinhards to be reasonable people. Why don't you ask Mr. and Mrs. Reinhard for forgiveness? Then you can have a dinner party here on Saturday. Invite all of our neighbours to show them what has happened. Then, they too will try to be at least friendly to the family."

Therefore Mrs. Flynn then went to see Mrs. Reinhard. When Mr. Reinhard answered the door, he looked as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "Mrs. Flynn! Please come in. You will come in won't you?"

Mrs. Flynn smiled and when she and Mr. Reinhard walked into the living room where Mrs. Reinhard was, Mrs. Flynn immediately started to talk, hurrying lest she should lose her bravery and flee home. But she knew that the apology had been made and she knew that she wanted to

apologize. She had to find the courage.

When she had finished, Mrs. Reinhard just looked at her, surprised, but inside very happy.

"Ach, Mrs. Flynn. Of course I forgive you. I know that you were just a little mixed up. And now let's have a cup of coffee!" And the three happily hugged each other, talking and laughing.

That Saturday night, Mrs. Flynn held her party and I might add that her affair was more successful than ours had been. Almost every person from the neighbourhood was there and apologies were made. Apologies I'm sure, will not remove the scars from the hearts of the Reinhards but at least they are living a normal life, taking part in the various activities which our town has.

I only hope that no other foreigners have to go through the lonely experience that Mr. and Mrs. Reinhard encountered but that any others, yellow, black or whatever colour they may be, will fit into our society and that we learn to work and play with them; not to judge them by their clothes and customs but by what is in their hearts.

Sylvia Smith 13-B

WE ARE, WE ARE THE GIRLS

The black waves lapped silently against the sloping cliff. No breeze stirred the trees crowning that silent rise. The August night was still and cool. And no moon beamed.

But the interior of the hall, which stood about one hundred yards from the cliff's edge, was in sharp contrast to this. No stillness—thirty girls in camp clothing were busy everywhere in the big room. No coldness—a blazing fire roared in the big stone fireplace, around which were seated several chattering girls. Their conversation appeared very spirited. A group of singers was clustered about the piano in the corner; four aspiring athletes were engaged in a badminton game in the centre of the room.

With the entrance of the camp director, the singers and badminton players joined the group at the fireplace. The man smiled and came toward them speaking, "Girls, I'm quite sure my decision regarding next Thursday evening will not be agreeable to

many of you. I know you would all like that night off to go and hear Ray Anthony, but that is not possible. So I shall have to say that only those of you who have dates for that night will be allowed to go. Now, may I have the names of those who will be going?

As the paper went around the group, loud whispers were heard from near the back.

"Jean, look at this," a small blonde girl said, pointing to one of the half dozen names on the sheet. "Who do you think Mary has the date with?"

"Probably she hasn't got one," a second girl replied. "Look at her sitting up there," she went on, glancing in the direction of a sharp-featured, but nevertheless attractive girl in the front row. "She's probably cooking up an idea right now for taking some girl's date away from her."

"Ann, really," said Jean, "you don't mean that."

"Oh, don't I?" was Ann's retort. "I guess you don't know her as well as the rest of us do." Noting the look of doubt on Jean's face, Ann appealed to the other girls, "isn't that so, kids?"

Agreement seemed unanimous, and Midge, the small blonde who had started the conversation, went on, "Have you heard about her latest stunt? It's not such a big thing but it is typical of her. Last night was Mary's turn to do kitchen duty with Sue Lee. Well, we all know how Mary feels about Sue, she being Japanese and all. Mary isn't even civil to her, downright rude most of the time. That, plus the fact that Mike was coming out to see me, put an idea into her little mind. Without saying a word, she simply exchanged K. D. nights with me. And on top of that, she did everything in her power to occupy Mike every minute she could. Just the thought of it makes me burn."

Jean stood up. "I think you kids must be exaggerating a little. Anyway, I haven't anything to worry about." Yawning, she added, "Anybody ready for bed now?"

The following afternoon, Ann and Midge were coming up from swimming when they saw Jean leaving the camp director's office. Even from a distance they knew this was not her usual bouncy self. They looked quizzically at each other, then shouted almost in unison, "Hey, Jean, wait a minute".

Upon reaching her, neither of them seemed to know what to say. But without waiting for either of them to say anything, Jean offered, "Well, I found out for myself. I've just come from the office, and guess what. Mary decided she didn't want Thursday night off after all. I just now discovered she switched nights off with me. I don't want Thursday night off either. But I don't know what to do about it."

"Well, how do you like that?" spluttered Ann. "Isn't that just like her? Don't worry we'll—". But Midge's elbow in her ribs silenced her. "Don't do anything yet, Jean. It will all work out. "Ann," she went on, "do you still want that book of games I've got in my tent?"

"Book? What Book? Oh, oh sure. I'll come and get it right now." Smiling encouragingly at Jean, they left her and went over to Midge's tent.

"O.K., mastermind, let's have it," said Ann when they were safely out of Jean's hearing. "I know you have some scheme up your sleeve."

"I think this should work, as long as Jean doesn't find out about it. My idea is for you to write a letter to Keith explaining the situation to him, asking him to ask Rob to take Jean to the dance. Simple? This will be like killing two birds with one stone. Jean's been dying to go out with Rob for ages, and if it works, Mary will be just furious. She and Rob used to go steady and she thinks she's got him wound around her little finger."

"It sounds fine but how do we get the letter to Keith?"

"We'll ask George to take it when he goes into town for supplies. Better hurry because he'll be leaving soon. And tell George to bring back an answer," she shouted after the retreating figure.

Throughout the evening meal the two conspirators kept their eyes glued to the windows, watching for George's return.

"I wish he'd hurry, Midge. What if this doesn't work?"

But Midge had raced to the door. "It will work all right. George is back and he brought Rob with him".

The unwelcome sound of Mary's voice caught up with Jean as she crossed the gravel drive. She stopped, not turning toward the sound, but purposely keeping her back to the moving figure, as if to ward

off for as long as possible the moment when she had to talk with the other girl.

"Jean, I can't help with the lunch tonight. After all, somebody has to look after Rob while he's here. He is a guest you know. And I'm sure he'd prefer my company to anyone else's."

Not trusting herself to answer, Jean merely nodded her head. After waiting for a moment or two, Mary shrugged her shoulders and hurried off around the corner of the building.

Jean had not permitted herself a reply, for she was so choked up with indignation the best she could have done would have been to scream or cry, and even silence was better than giving Mary the satisfaction of knowing she had triumphed. "Triumphed? No!", thought Jean, "she won't triumph; not over me." Firm now with determination, Jean felt the tension, which had taken possession of her leave, and only resolve remained in its wake—a resolve, not to put herself into combat with Mary, but to do the best she could to retain her self-respect. Jean began moving again in the direction of the hall. Her steps this time were not hesitant, each one sounding firmly as she went up the steps into the kitchen. As regularly as fell her footsteps on the floor, so fell the steps of her plan of attack.

Some twenty minutes later, Jean had finished the lunch and, also, had put the finishing touches to her plan. Hearing voices from the front of the hall, she took the food into the dining-room.

As she let her eyes slide over the tables, she spotted Mary and Rob seated at the far end of the room. Quickly she dropped her eyes and busied herself arranging the plates. As she passed by the table next to the piano she felt small, firm fingers encircle her wrist. At the same time she heard Midge saying, "Jean, are you working all alone tonight? Isn't anyone working with you?"

The question was loaded with hidden meaning but Jean only nodded her head and smiled privately. To herself she thought, "Don't worry. I have everything under control."

Back in the kitchen, she began putting the extra sandwiches on the plates. She was humming one of the more spirited of the camp songs and her cheeks were

flushed with anticipation. Suddenly she was conscious of someone staring at her. Before she could look up she heard a deep, masculine voice asking almost the same question Midge had asked, "Are you out here all alone?"

Composing herself, Jean looked up intending to favour Rob with her most dazzling smile. But that smile was never used, for over Rob's shoulder, Jean saw Mary leaning in the doorway, one eyebrow lifted, her mouth crooked in a malicious smile. "Rob", she said, "I've been waiting for you. I'm ready to go now."

But with that Jean played her ace. "I'm sorry, Mary. But this is our night to do the kitchen work. I worked alone preparing the lunch, so I see no reason why you need any help cleaning up."

With these words, Jean took off her apron and prepared to leave. But Mary, feet apart and arms akimbo, had moved to block the door. As though by a magnet, Jean felt her eyes being pulled to meet the blazing ones in front of her. "You", screamed the girl, "you think you're pretty smart, don't you?" Her voice lost its screech and became mocking, "But I know better. I know you haven't got the grey matter to think up even so petty a scheme as this. Maybe your 'associates' helped you. Yes, I think that's what happened. Just as they helped you write that letter to Keith. Don't worry, I know all about it."

Through the deafening silence that followed Jean heard a voice, vaguely familiar, squeak, "Letter? what letter?" Realizing that the voice was her own, she attempted to bring it to its normal level. "What are you talking about? What letter?"

"Don't pretend innocence with me. I heard all about it, and I'm sure Rob will want to, also."

"I don't care to hear anything more," replied the boy's icy voice. "I've heard just about all I can stand."

Thought Jean, "The fire in his eyes would just about melt the ice in his voice."

"I'll meet you outside Jean. There's something I'd like to ask you." And with not so much as a backward glance, Rob left the room.

Turning around, Jean was about to speak when Mary began to sob uncontrollably. "Why Mary, what's wrong?" Jean

moved closer to the other girl. "What's the matter?"

Aided by Jean's soothing tones, Mary's tears slowly abated. "I feel so ashamed. I've been so selfish and self-centered about everything. I guess I got just what I deserved."

"Things will be better now. We all have to learn to live with others sometime. Don't worry about it anymore, but don't forget it either. Now, I have to run out and see Rob, but I'll be right back to help with the dishes—"

Smiling, Mary watched Jean go. "Blessed are the peacemakers", she thought happily. "What would we do without them"

Margaret Russell

SHORT STORY

A weary group of athletes trooped into the dressing room for the precious ten minute half-time rest. Amid the clatter of cleats on the floor, a clear bass voice, easily recognized as Bruno Appley's, rang out, "It would be a lot different if Tom hadn't got hurt. Alf is playing lousy ball. We make the hole and he gives the other team the damn ball by fumbling."

Alf looked around the suddenly quieted room at the obviously embarrassed members of the team who were resting near him. None of the boys would meet his eyes, and all of them suddenly became occupied with some part of their equipment. Bruno tossed his helmet against the wall, and muttered quite audibly to another member of the team, "I don't care if he heard me or not. I still say he's acting like a yellow chicken."

Alf slowly sank into the bench. "I can't help it if Tom hurt his knee; it's not my fault, is it? So he's better than me—I can't help that, can I?" Then Alf covered his face with his hands as he became aware that it was a flaming scarlet. "It's true! I can't help it! Alright, so I'm a chicken, I can't help that, can I?"

Alf felt a strong hand grip his shoulder, and he looked into the smiling face of Tom Bentley. "Tough luck, Alf," said the smiling Tom, the injured ace of the team who had previously played Alf's position. "You're doing okay." With this, Tom turned and limped away from Alf towards

the other players, where he offered his encouragement. Alf stared after him.

"Why can't I be like him? Why can't I do everything he does? I'm bigger, I can run faster, so why can't I play ball as well as he did before he was injured? Chicken, he's a yellow chicken. That's what Bruno said about me. I'll show them all! Chicken, am I? If little Tom can do it, I can too. I'll show that Appley, I'll show him."

The whistle shrilled and Alf jumped to his feet, resolute in his purpose to try to make up for his poor showing in the first half of the game.

The opposing team prepared to kick off, and Alf took his place on his own goal line, the place where the kick would most likely fall. The kicker raised his arm, the ball was moving end over end towards Alf. A voice cried "I've got it!" and Harold Petersen moved in front of Alf and caught the ball. An angry Alf started up the field in front of Harold.

"So he doesn't even trust me to catch the ball! I'll show him." Urged on by the speedy Harold, Alf expertly followed the interference which was clearing a path for them. Onward they sped, until at about mid-field, the interference suddenly disappeared and Alf was confronted by two huge line-men. He threw a block, and the three players went down in a heap.

"I guess that'll show 'em whether I can play ball or not. Ninety yards for a touch-down: I guess even Bruno will admit that was good interference."

"You clumsy over-grown ox!" yelled a very angry Bruno. "Why don't you just switch sweaters? You are the stupidest, yellowest fool I've ever met. Tripping your own player on a breakaway! Oh my—!"

Alf for the first time saw Harold lying on the ground about five yards in front of him.

"Why don't you shut up Bruno? It's my own fault, I tripped over Alf's foot. He threw a beautiful block and did a great job all the way down the field. It's my own fault!"

By the dirty looks directed his way, and the silence that greeted Alf in the huddle, he realized that his fellow team-mates agreed with Bruno.

Let's go, gang, all the way!" These words of encouragement came from George Egmond, the quarterback. The team, led by Bruno and Harold, pushed their way into

the opposition's end without calling any of Alf's plays. Alf realized this, but executed his blocking and tackling perfectly. A substitute lineman came into the field and whispered a play to George. George looked rather surprised, but repeated the number of the play to the team. The play number, one of Alf's was met with blank stares of disbelief. "The coach called it so let's go." The ball was given to Alf, but Bruno, who had the key block to the play, never got his man. Alf found himself confronted with a swarm of linemen. Instead of falling down to block the play, Alf lowered his head and charged into the group. He was hit hard, but managed to make a couple of yards before being hauled to the ground. As Alf ran back to the huddle, he noticed several looks of approval being directed his way, and Bruno said, "Sorry Alf, he was my man."

"Let me carry again, will you George?" asked a happy Alf. For reply George called Alf's number, and behind some excellent interference Alf made 12 yards before he was hauled down to earth. The team came suddenly alive. Alf and Harold carrying the ball and Bruno doing yoeman service as a blocker, the team relentlessly drove down the field for a touchdown. After the single point was kicked, Alf turned to trot up the field. Behind him he could hear the heavy clomp of a boy who must be rather large from the noisy way in which he ran. Alf turned and looked into the smiling face of big Bruno.

"Way to go, old man," was Bruno's greeting. "Sorry I gave you the works before, but I was sure that if I needled you enough, you'd play the way you're able to. I guess I was right, hey."

"You sure were," was all the grinning Alf could manage.

Jim Edgar 12-C

THE HAPPY WAY

"Linda, for pity sakes! Linda where are you?" Jean's importunate words echoed through the rambling old orchard on the McDonald farm.

"I'm up in 'old Charlie'," wafted back through the still October air.

This piece of enlightening news was accompanied by a ball of fur which hurled itself at Jean.

"Well, honestly! You invite me down here, then hide, and send this monster after me," scolded Jean, in a deep voice suited to her roly-poly figure and chubby cheeks. "Come on down, and hurry up with those apples. Your Mum wants them now, not in a week."

"Don't call my dog a monster," and out of the branches of the old apple tree jumped a slim fair-haired girl; as you would imagine an angel would emerge from clouds, as light as a feather.

"Hi! You carry the basket, and I'll fill my apron." And the girls began to make their way towards the house with the dog frisking ahead of them.

"What were you doing up in the tree, anyway?" Jean resumed their conversation.

"Thinking out my plot for the short story I have to write in English. I'll be glad when this year of school is over; yet I don't know what I'll do after that. I'd just love to stay home with Mum and Dad and be a farmerette. But, that would be old fashioned...."

"—And not using the brains given to you," interrupted Jean. "I wish we could trade heads, I'd love to be really smart."

"But you know how nervous and shy I am even shaky, when it comes to answering in class. Horrors! Yesterday I made a terrible bungle."

By this time, the two girls had reached the back step of the old weather-beaten farm house under the shading maple trees, all a riot of autumn colours. Mrs. McDonald was waiting for them. Although she chided the girls, her round good-natured face made contrast to her words.

She sent the girls immediately for the cows.

"Your father won't have time to worry about anything but his plowing, and I dare say, you will have to do the evening chores, too," she called after them.

Off they started, swinging down the farm lane, happily munching apples and gingerly admiring the beauties of nature. As they went on, the sunset took on a golden glow that seems to happen only once or twice a year and only during an autumn twilight. Every leaf on every tree, every blade of grass, the fence posts and fences were painted with gold. It was an awesome and beautiful sight. The girls fell silent

and walked on, feeling as if they were walking on a golden carpet. Linda's thoughts were peaceful, and she began to think, again, of the possibility of staying home to help her parents. All too soon an ominous cloud marred the beauty and brought Linda's mind back to present day.

The roar of the tractor came steadily nearer as the girls approached the field in which Mr. McDonald was working. Above the noise, snatches of a Scotch song came floating to their ears. When he came to the end of the furrow and at the end of his song, the tall, bronzed man stopped to chat with the girls. They laughed and talked, showing even a stranger—the strong tie between father and daughter. Jean had always been an object of his teasing manner, but because of her jolly, good temper that day, he was not able to get a rise out of her and went back to work.

"Jean, I'll race you to the gate."

"Go right ahead and get the cows by yourself, then. It's too nice a day to run and make a fool of yourself."

And so Linda reached the corner of the field where the cows were grazing before her friend. As she turned back to watch Jean progress slowly towards her, the whine of the tractor changed abruptly. The full impact of the sight hit her and made it impossible for her to move.

But Jean, too, heard the change, and saw the wheels of the tractor up in the air, and knew that perhaps Mr. McDonald was pinned underneath. She was off like the wind, leaving Linda far behind.

After the first few moments of agonized terror, Linda began to move, but only as in a dream. Jean was already trying to pry the tractor off the farmer's legs when Linda rushed up. She heard only a few clipped words from Jean—"Go for help and a doctor," and was off again.

To Jean, waiting for help back in the field, it seemed an interminable time. She was so thankful that Mr. McDonald had lost consciousness and thus was spared all the pain. She couldn't even budge the tractor, and if she could have there was the danger of the tractor falling back on Linda's father, or even on her.

Finally, a car drove back over the ruts on the lane, bringing some neighbourhood help, and word that the doctor would be there in a few minutes. They lifted the tractor off Mr. McDonald's legs but did

not move him. Linda and her Mum looked on with agonized glances.

Hours, or was it only minutes later, the doctor arrived. He saw immediately that the injured man could not be moved far;—and so he supervised the transportation from a stretcher to the car, and into the farmhouse. Bringing in the kitchen table, he set up an operating table in the bedroom. Then he began to work.

The clock struck seven, then eight. A woozy sickness came over Linda as the hospital smells pervaded the house. How could Mum be so calm and collected? This thought, raced through Linda's otherwise deadened mind. Then she crept over and sat down at the feet of Mrs. McDonald. The elder woman understood Linda's feelings and pressed her daughter's head against her knee, stroking her hair.

Then the door opened, and the doctor came slowly out, with his head bowed. Grief clutched at both their throats and neither could speak, but looked appealingly towards the doctor.

"He is sleeping peacefully, Mrs. McDonald," he said, and glancing at Linda and back to Mrs. McDonald, added, "May I speak to you alone?"

"Whatever you have to say to me includes my daughter," answered Mrs. McDonald, and Linda's heart sank and soared at the same time. Her Mum was treating her like a grown-up, yet bringing her closer, but the doctor's tone was foreboding.

"Fine, I'm glad that you are a closely knit family, for—" and he paused not able to find the words to go on.

Taking a deep breath he plunged in again. "To put it bluntly, Mr. McDonald will be hampered for life. I do not want to say crippled, it may not be as bad as that, but he definitely will not be capable of carrying on the work of the farm."

A stunned silence followed, broken then by constricted sobs from Linda. She tore from the room and out into the cool darkness, on out into the orchard and threw herself at the feet of "old Charlie."

After an interval, she felt a cold nose touch her face, and she threw her arms around the dog's neck. What a comfort he was! Then she found herself asking her Father in Heaven for strength and guidance for her Mother and Father as well as herself.

About a half an hour later, it seemed eternities, she had the answer and a peaceful feeling of well-being filled her heart. Tippiie snuggled up to her.

She placed her cheek against his sleek brown head and whispered, "Yes, my doggie, I'll do it right now," and, much to his disgust plunked him on the ground and flew towards the house.

"Oh! Mummie! How could I be so selfish!" She cried as she burst into the kitchen and saw Mrs. McDonald slowly rocking back and forth in the old rocking chair. Both understood the other. A sad smile lit up each face.

"Couldn't we go see Dad now? Does he know?"

"Yes, the doctor told him for me, and he seemed to take it fairly well. Let's go in and see him."

The nurse, left behind by the doctor, gave them only a few minutes. Linda slipped onto the bed and buried her face in her father's shoulder, just to have satisfaction that he was still there even if his legs were not whole. This old, childish habit of Linda brought the tears into Mr. McDonald's eyes as he smiled weakly at Mrs. McDonald.

"We seem to have come to a stumbling block, don't we? Please don't take it too hard. I have reconciled myself. Things will turn out fine. I only hope the sellings of the farm and implements will bring enough to live on—."

"Oh, but Dad! I can win a scholarship at school; go to Teacher's College and be working in two years. Then you won't have to worry about me, and I can help worry about you."

All this came in a rush, but it was what Mr. and Mrs. McDonald wanted to hear. No more words were spoken. Just a thankful smile played on the faces of the parents and Linda snuggled down against her Dad's shoulder again. She clasped her Mum's hand tightly to keep back the tears—the happy tears of one who knows that she is doing the right and proper thing.

Elizabeth Young 13-A

LUCKY'S IN HEAVEN

I'd like to tell you a story; a story about a boy and his dog who lived in a suburban community.

For fourteen years they were inseparable;

they went everywhere together. The boy was not destined to be great; the dog was not a champion,—and yet the boy loved his dog more than almost anything else in the world, and the dog worshipped its young master soulfully.

Unfortunately, as all ideal relationships come to an end, so did this, for while Jack grew older and stronger, Lucky, his dog, grew older and feebler, and while the youth's interests drew him steadily away from home into the greater world beyond, the aging friend of his earlier years became more and more neglected, though it yearned, almost human-like, for the affection it no longer received.

Days, weeks, years flew by, and then one day poor old Lucky died.

It happened on a Saturday, a hot, humid Saturday. Jack was playing football at a neighbour's home when his mother called.

"Jack", she cried, "Lucky's dead. Come quickly!"

Jack whirled about, unable for an instant to grasp the situation. Then his helmet was off and he was dashing for home.

Lucky had so long been a part of his life, had been taken for granted so long, that he simply refused to accept her death.

He ran towards the garage, Dick Smith, his side-kick, at his heels. He entered the garage and froze in his tracks. There was his mother, and at her feet—Lucky! Only Lucky was no more! A huge black heap of animal lie at her feet! An ugly mass, with red eyes and a great purple tongue. Somehow through the haziness which refused to be shaken from before his eyes, Jack saw his mother's face; and he knew that she was crying. Warm tears stung his own cheeks, and he hid his face in shame at the thought of his neglect of this old chum who had been faithful to him to the end. Had the human ever lived who showed the loyalty and devotion of this old dog? He doubted it very much.

"She was a good old dog", his mother sobbed, "I'll miss her a lot".

His mother's shaky voice unnerved Jack. She had always seemed a symbol of courage. "What happened?" he choked.

"She yelped quickly three times. I came right out but she was—gone when I got here". Her voice seemed steadier now.

"We knew she would go soon; thank God she died quickly".

Unable to bear the sight any longer, Jack ran out, Dick following close behind.

"What are you going to do now"? Dick ventured.

"Walk", came the choked reply.

"Mind if I come along"? Dick tried to make his voice sound comforting.

They walked on and on, across narrow cow-paths, dry wood-lots and dusty meadows.

The stifling heat demanded and received its toll of sweat from their bodies.

"Let's go back", Dick pleaded.

"No", Jack gasped — "just a little further now".

A faint breeze threatened the stillness.

At length a small pond, neatly hidden in the underbrush, appeared, a scant twenty feet in front of them.

"Why—I never knew this pond was here", Dick exclaimed!

"Few do", Jack muttered, "I used to bring Lucky here and fish and swim on hot summer days. Then she got too old to walk this far". There were no tears now. Not outside.

Somehow, though Jack was answering him, Dick felt that Jack was not really addressing him—only himself. Afraid he might provoke more memories, he remained silent.

By now the wind was coming in strong gusts. Hawthorn and locust branches swayed, then bent, with the weight of the air. Jack's golden hair fluttered in the wind, strangely luminous. The wind blew vehemently. Little wavelets sprang up on the surface of the pond, then rolled noisily to the farther shore to lap hungrily at the cold blue clay. Suddenly the radiant sunlight gave way to a rather weird semi-darkness as the sun slipped behind a cloud.

Instinctively both boys looked up. The black clouds scurried by like frightened rabbits seeking to escape from some great invisible Hunter.

Jack's eyes seemed drawn to one spot in the sky—a spot far, far away in the distance; a spot from which the clouds appeared to be fleeing. Then his eyes strained, unbelieving! The clouds were parting! They were rent from the magic spot to the horizon! A chasm had torn deep into the firmament and then spread its own jagged

converging edges out, out, and then the gold light beaming down from the bright blue sky beyond the clouds yielded — a rainbow!

"Dick—look—LOOK"! he screamed. "Do-o you see that rainbow? Do you see it Dick"?

Dick's gaze followed Jack's, but he could see nothing unusual—only that the storm was abating—that the clouds were moving rather listlessly now. "I don't see anything", he said. "There's no rainbow".

Jack was trembling with excitement now. There was a rainbow—but it was meant for him alone. What did it mean? Then he knew. Dropping to his knees, he clasped his hands together, bowed his head, and sobbed out a prayer that he was right.

In a few moments Jack stood up and looked around, smiling.

The sun was shining, throwing clear golden light on the distant hills, the nearby wood-lot, the blue pond water, everything. Once more the air was calm, but now it was fresh and invigorating, not humid.

He stooped, picked up a small, flat stone and threw it at the pond. It skimmed the surface, skipping gaily.

"Race you home", he flung at Dick, and then sprinted lightly in the direction whence they came.

Dick came after, and in a few minutes they were jogging along at a pleasant pace, side by side.

Jack had not looked heavenwards during all this time, but now he did. He grinned broadly for—there was his rainbow! "What do you see now"? he asked, nodding his head at the rainbow.

"Nothing, nothing at all", Dick answered hesitantly.

They finished the trip in silence, Dick wondering at Jack, Jack reflecting on his thoughts when he first saw the rainbow.

Why do humans exclusively go to a life after death? They, as animals of superior intelligence, are able to think, to reason and remember, to worship and love something above and beyond themselves: God. They are capable of wondering about creation, of governing their actions, of distinguishing right from wrong. Is not the soul a reward for their faith and righteousness?

A promise of eternal life Then, if this is so, the life after death could be in God: a place in a Knowledge or Heart so great that It can create life everlasting. A soul is that property which gives man the power of being remembered and loved eternally by God.

Therefore couldn't an animal which believed in and loved a human with all its being, an animal which had not the intelligence to be false as man can be, gain a place in its master's heart and be remembered and loved for the rest of his life. And since God is everlasting, and therefore exists to eternity, if a human was in the position of a god to a pet, then his lifetime would be equivalent in this case to eternity.

Then, since Jack would love the memory of his dog all his life, couldn't she have her own little soul, created by him, and occupying a sort of heaven in his heart, figuratively speaking? Jack liked to think she could, for then Lucky, as a dog, would have immortality now.

Jack's eyes turned heavenward again in a silent prayer. The rainbow was gone now, but he had seen it and understood . . . God was good!

A minute later Jack said good-bye to Dick and went up the lane leading to his home. Lucky was already home.

John Brundrill

SHORT STORY

At the turn of the twentieth century, my grandmother and grandfather were farming on the western prairies. They owned a huge frame farmhouse and a great solid barn with many surrounding acres of fertile land.

This particular season had been unusually dry, even for the rainless prairies. The grass became brittle and yellow, and the ground burned to a grey dust. One golden fall morning, my grandfather and his farmhands hitched up their teams of gleaming black horses and drove out to harvest the grain. As the sun rose towards noon, a brisk wind blew up, swaying the wheat and raising little whirlwinds of dust.

Presently my grandfather noticed a grey cloud drifting over the horizon. The horses tossed their heavy manes, and sud-

denly my grandfather smelled the tangy odour of grass smoke. His first thought was of the wind. A wet finger proved that it led the swift flame through his grain fields and over his home.

With a sharp command the teams were turned towards the farm, abandoning the harvest. They broke into a heavy run over the rutted track and rattled up the lane to the barn. Here the wagons were unhitched and the plows were fastened on by nervous fingers. Now the smoke was billowing low over the ground, and occasionally a flame licked high through the screen.

My grandfather measured a circle around the farm about three hundred yards from all the buildings. He led the procession of teams slowly but steadily around it, turning up the dry black earth and cutting an island of safety from the approaching wave of prairie fire. The horses laid back their ears and eyed the breeze-fanned flame distrustfully. After an eternity of minutes, a wide barrier encircled the farm. The fire snaked through the grass to its edge, flickered a moment and then died. The men fought to extinguish the sparks which gusts of wind blew over the firebreak.

Suddenly the blaze turned, as if in disappointment, and was swept off in another direction by the fickle wind.

That evening my grandfather surveyed his blackened acres, but with thanksgiving in his heart for his unharmed farm and family.

Ruth Billingsley 11-E

THE COMPARISON

A millionaire is like a king,
A brand new car, a diamond ring.
Eats caviar and pigeon breasts,
But when night comes, he gets no rest.

Whereas a hobo, just rides the freights,
He travels far but gets no place.
And for his food eats mostly stew,
But settles down to a sleep most true.

Now of the two, I take the tramp,
He eats his food, but gets no cramp.
He travels far, is worldly wise,
And worries not just where he dies.

Ellen Spice 11-B

AN OLD JALOPY

All was calm as a summer night,
When suddenly from out of the dark
With tooting of horn and screeching of
brakes
An old jalopy loomed into sight.

The body was painted in all shades of red;
With tires in ribbons, and fenders all gone.
But somehow by certain strange magical
powers
The wheels went round and it forged ahead.
Patsy Durance 12-A

THE FAR NORTH

In the far northland that's where I'll roam,
Far in the north I'll make my home,
Where I can look upon the snow;
And at night watch the northern glow.

In that frosty air, I'll hitch up my team,
In the dazzling sun that sends down its
bright beam
Upon the brown moss, where the Cariboo
feed.
This is the life, the life that I'll lead.
C. Kenzie 11B

ON FORCED LABOUR IN POETRY

A poet, 'tis said, needs inspiration to write,
Without this, write he cannot;
Now in English to-day, the bug must us
bite,
But for inspiration; we have but naught.
Here we sit and we sweat, and ponder our
chances,
Of writing something fine for our mag;
But our chances considered, our enthus-
iasm is withered,
And our spirits commence to lag.
Now we mustn't write prose, and we
mustn't write corn,
Or the English mark may be mired;
Perhaps if a pass in English were to come,
We would write as though inspired.
"Or perhaps we could take a most famous
poem,
The Charge of the Light Brigade, mayhaps;
And from it derive some horrible corn,
About light bills,—or something like that.
Or perhaps something sensitive, beautiful;
moving,
Of waves breaking soft on the shore;
But no, I'm not enough of a cultured soul,
To write about that sort of bore.

Alas, lackaday, inspiration is fled,
Doubtless the prize will not come,
I must be content to read, when I get my
mag,
The writing that others have done.
Eric Manning 11-A

You ask him a question in English or
French
He slowly uncurls
From his stupor so dense.
You thin, "What's the use
Of trying to teach
A bonehead like this one who's always
asleep?"

But suddenly something has come over him
This body's a thing
Full of vigor and vim.

The bell has just rung
And the miracle's wrought
This lifeless old sack's out the door like a
shot.
Judy Palmer 12-A

BACK ON THE FARM

He longed for the whine of the binder
twine,
The sight of the thistle and columbine,
The smell of fresh paint and turpentine,
Back on the farm.

He longed for the time of the autumn day
When, in the fields of golden hay,
He wandered along his merry way,
Back on the farm.

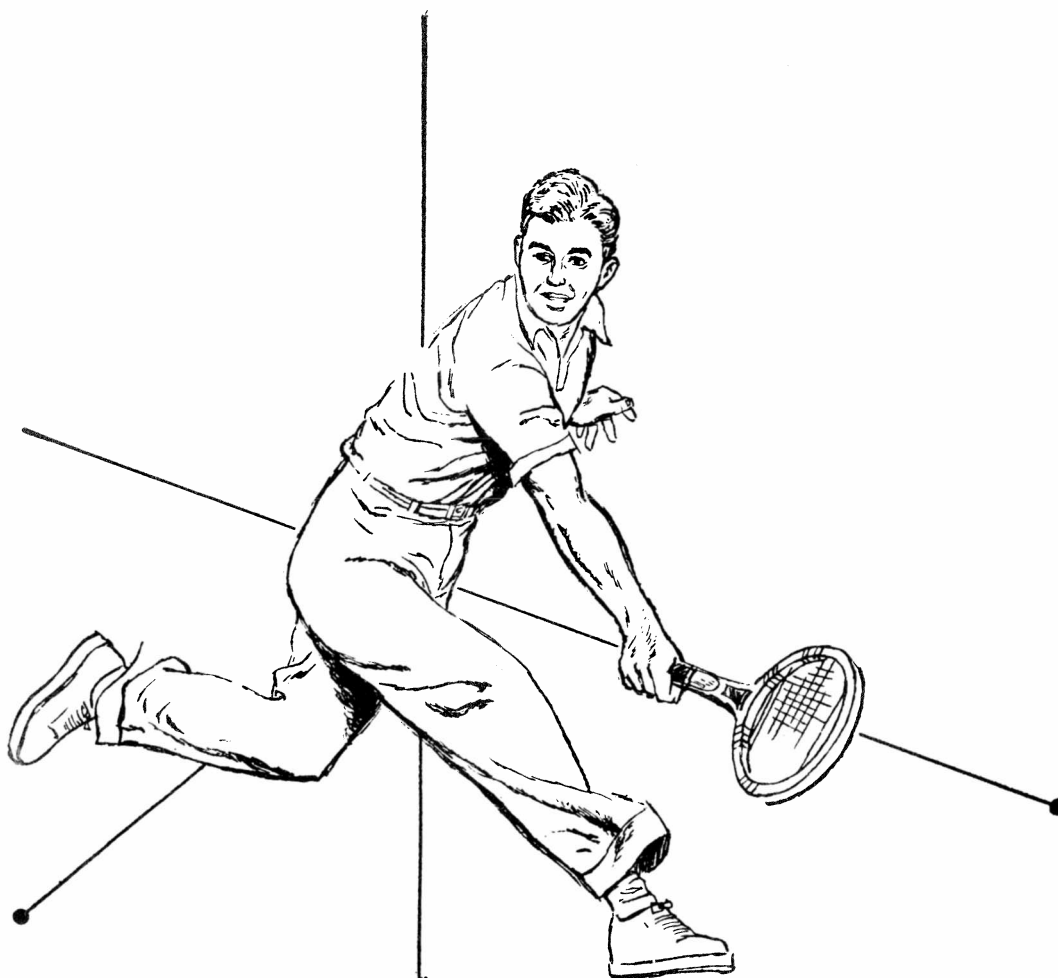
Jim Ayres 11-A

WINTER WAKENING!

When I wake up in the morning with the
cold air all around,
I shiver uncontrollably as my bare feet
touch the ground.
Outside there is a foot of snow, or maybe
even more,
And I stiffen like an icicle as I stand upon
the floor.

I struggle into freezing clothes and quiver
as I stand,
When I feel the frigid door knob like an
ice cube in my hand.
And as I listen to the wind blowing from
the north,
It's back to bed till a warmer day when I
can sally forth.
Michael W. Holland 11-A

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Student Activities



FRESHIE RECEPTION

On September 24, a party was held for the grade-niners under the capable supervision of our Key Club. This annual event is put on to welcome the newcomers to the school and show them how our Come-Te-Colls work. The guests were divided into three groups, one in the assembly hall watching movies, one in the boys' gym learning to square dance, and a third in the girls' gym playing games. They were assisted by members of Grade Thirteen. After each group had a turn at each activity there was social dancing until the end of the evening. This party was an exceptional success with about 700 students attending.

FOOTBALL DANCE

Before the dancing got underway at the Blue Bombers Bounce, the football team presented a few skits, which were, we believe, original. After this we were entertained by a hilarious "beauty contest." In spite of some earlier difficulties with the P. A. system the evening proved very enjoyable.

SOCCER BALL

This year the Soccer Ball was held on October 29. An amateur talent show before the dancing provided surprisingly good entertainment. The gymnasium was decorated with streamers, autumn leaves and balloons, and plenty of loud music kept everyone happy. Pete Vandermere won the two trips to the Grey Cup game.—Rating?—one of the better dances of the year.

13-A's COM-TE-COLL

13-A was able to obtain Al Hamilton and his orchestra via the Students' Council through the Musician's Union for their

Com-Te-Coll. There was a good attendance at this dance, and no mishaps spoiled a successful evening.

SADIE HAWKINS DANCE

The week of Christmas examinations ended with a welcome hard-time dance put on by 13-B with the assistance of the Students' Council. The attendance was good, and everyone seemed to enjoy himself. Winners of the novelty dances received prizes donated by leading merchants.

MISTLETOE MAMBO

12-A's Com-Te-Coll on December 10th was the last before Christmas, and they really went all out to make it the best dance put on this year by a single form. They went deep into their own pockets to help pay for the festive decorations and the prizes, and also arranged for a special guest from the North Pole to attend. Bill Armstrong was really tops as Santa Claus. 12-A certainly showed themselves capable of accepting the responsibility of putting on a Com-Te-Coll.

AT HOME

The 1954 At Home was one of the best ever. Students' Council started preparing for it weeks in advance and really went to great lengths to see that nothing was overlooked. Dancing was to the music of Bobby Downs' orchestra from London. The orchestra stand was gaily decorated with colourful penguins and snowmen; blue and white streamers mingled with evergreen boughs and red bells completed the festive atmosphere. Refreshments were especially well prepared this year, and the canapes, dainty pastries, punch disappeared rapidly. The novel punch bowl was made of ice, beauti-

fully shaped and with carnations frozen into it. A light below the punch bowl lit the whole display. Many old friends met again, and everyone left well-satisfied that he had attended the best formal of the year.

SWEATER HOP OR RESOLUTION RAG

Whatever 12-B called it, the dance was a very fine one, and came very, very close to being better than 12-A's "Mistletoe Mambo". The decorations were bright and lent a cheerful atmosphere to the school. Perhaps the most note-worthy feature of the evening were the novelty dances which deviated from the usual ones and provided fun for everyone. So much for January 7.

STUDENT TEACHER GET-TO-GETHERS

On January 18 the staff and Upper School students had an informal meeting after school to iron out differences and promote a closer relationship between the two bodies. Coffee and doughnuts were served. In the weeks to follow the teachers met with the two senior forms individually for the same purpose, and a few weeks later a meeting was held to discuss the various scholarships offered to Grade 13 graduates. These meetings were very successful, and we certainly hope that they will be continued next year.

PARISIENNE NIGHTS

Hi-Y really showed the school organizations how to put on a dance on January 29. Their dance, one of the best-planned and most elaborate in a long time, featured a floor show with 15 acts. Reserve tables were provided and dancing was carried on in both gymnasiums. Dean Taylor was M.C., and the better acts starred Dean, Nancy Irvin and Irene Frazer. All proceeds went to the Y building fund.

DINOSAUR DINGLE

The Key Club Dance on February 4, attracted the usual large crowds. The entrance to the boy's gymnasium was decorated as a large cave entrance, and the walls were covered with cave drawings. Ear-splitting screams were emitted by the "Sh-Boom Brothers" as they chased one

another around the cave to the music of "Cave Angel". Drumsticks and pop were sold.

GROSSE POINT

On February 8, several members of Student's Council went down to Grosse Point to return a visit which that school made here earlier in the year. They were interested in finding out what kind of system of government was practised in that school, and the trip was a great success.

BARRETS OF WIMPOLE STREET

On February 18, two bus-loads of Grade 13 students went to London to see the Little Theatre presentation of this play at the Grand Theatre. Half of the students went to the University of Western Ontario on a tour first, and then went on to the play, which they are studying this year. The other bus just went to the play. Everyone got home about 2.00 a.m. after a most enjoyable trip.

The play was attended by 1200 students from 40 schools all over South-Western Ontario.

TWIRP DANCE

Twirp Season wound up with a very nice Twirp Dance put on by Students' Council. The main feature of this dance was the volleyball contest between the teachers and the students of Upper School. The thirteeners won the first game, but lost the second and third to Mr. Dennis' strong squad. The climax of the evening came with the crowning of King Twirp (Gene Fleet). He was awarded a charcoal and pink sweater, and his escort received a pair of nylon stockings. This was the only very successful dance this year at which there were no decorations. The quality of the music more than offset this omission.

TUMBLEWEED HOEDOWN

Students' Council and C-12-A went western at this Com-Te-Coll. Music was supplied by the "Chemical Valley Drifters" and the affair was a roaring success. Diamond Lil opened a saloon and served the largest variety of refreshments offered at any Com-Te-Coll so far.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Ray has finally made it! Yes, this year Ray St. John is the very capable president of Students' Council. Rod Brown is Vice-President, Sylvia Smith is Secretary, and Carol Bulman is Treasurer.

Students' Council is, of course, the chief student group in the school, and although they are often in financial distress, they always manage to come out ahead and sponsor the majority of things which go on in the school as well. Besides sponsoring Com-Te-Colls, the Council also puts on the Freshie Reception, At Home, Twirp Season and the Senior Form Party, as well as the trips out-of-town to games and so on.

Almost every year the Council presents scholarships to a few deserving students. Several \$10 prizes are awarded to the students in Grades 9 and 10 of all three departments who have the highest standing, and two \$50 scholarships are offered to the best All-Round Girl and Boy.

School jackets were officially picked for the first time this year, Com-Te-Colls were given a definite code of law, and the "Record Hops" at the Y were started by this year's members on Feb. 23. All in all, the 1954-55 Students' Council was a very enterprising organization which governed student affairs very capably.

SCITS CLUB

The Scits Club puts on the biggest show of the school year, the Scits Revue, which also brings in the most money of all the student activities. This year's show was the first to be presented for three nights, Feb. 24, 25 and 26, and brought in a net profit of about \$1300. The money is always used to help the school in some way, and the 1954-55 Club decided to buy a superior P.A. system for the auditorium with it. Some money is always saved, of course, to pay the bills for the next show.

This year the executive is: President, Carol Brown; Vice-President, Pat Thrower; Secretary, Jane Cocarell and Treasurer, Stan Percival.

The directors are Rod Brown, Irene Fraser, Wilf Chapple, Nancy Irvin, Ray St. John, Pat Lathem, Bob Berglund, S.

Novosad, K. Martin, Glen Forbes, Ann Borrowman, Judy Tinsley, D. Chalmers, Larry Porter, Marilyn Bryans and John Brundritt.

The directors are the back-bone of the show; they plan and organize the affair.

Mr. Jensen, who is the main staff adviser, has spent a great deal of his spare time in the Club's interests, and is responsible for getting the Show underway so much earlier this year.

The Scits Revue for '55 was very long (over three hours) but was the best one yet. The theme was "Entertainment: Past, Present and Future".

The show was distinguished by the singing of the "Indian Love Call" by Joan Finch and Lester Laird; piano duet "Malaguena" by Bev and Gail Finch; "Sh-Boom" pantomimed by Pat McKenna, G. McCord and J. Harris; a Ukrainian Folk Dance by Bill Barbaza, N. Novasa, G. Kuz and Mike Charyk and the music of the "Chemical Valley Drifters", W. Chapple, L. Rondeau, D. Osborne, D. Cook and N. Hendryks.

Outstanding numbers were John Brundritt's recitation of "What Is A Boy?"; the Showboat number with Joan Finch singing "Can't Help Lovin' That Man"; Marlene Martin singing "La Vie en Rose" in the Cabaret scene and the saucy Can-Can as danced by Pat Lathem, Carol Brown, Irene Frazer, Nancy Irvin, Bev Learne and Pat Thrower in the same scene.

Comedy reached its peak in the Charlie Chaplin "Movie" with Dean Taylor, Jane Cocarell, R. Forsyth and Rose Dougherty and the "This Is Your Life" skit starring Rod Brown, Jim Edgar, Roger Hardick, Irene Frazer, Carol Brown and Ross Dougherty.

Glamor came into the picture with Nancy Irvin and Irene Frazer's "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" and the "Ko-Ko-Mo" number introduced jivey Jo-Ann Vaughan, L. Garrison, P. Harris, D. Fritzley, Keitha Hyatt, N. Forbes and Dave Johnston as the soda-fountain jerk.

Leo Drennan, who accompanied many of the numbers on the piano, gave a piano solo "Nola" and Helen Moll gave an outstanding performance as a contortionist.

There were many, many good numbers in the show which are so numerous that to mention them here would be a very formidable task.

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Last year the boys' and girls' groups combined to form one I.S.C.F. organization in the school. In 1954-55 this group met in Room 315 at noon on Fridays.

The I.S.C.F. presented a Christmas programme in the last regular senior assembly before Christmas, with Ken Loudon as the guest speaker and Lester Laird, President of the Club, singing a solo.

One Saturday night in February the I.S.C.F. held a "Dagwood Social", where everyone made a Dagwood sandwich, and the best one won a prize. Games were played after this.

The aim of the Fellowship is to "know Christ and make Him known".

KEY CLUB

The Key Club, organized only three years ago, has fast become one of the most prominent in the school. Membership this year was limited to thirty-three boys of good character and scholastic standing, and the Club has really gone all out to make this its most successful year.

The officers are as follows:

President Gord Cameron
Vice-President Bob Britney
Secretary Mel Berger
Treasurer Ron Marcy
Senior Director Ron Fleck
Junior Director Keith Trowbridge

This year several members went to the convention at Niagara Falls during the Easter holidays, and later on the club was amply represented at the International Convention at Detroit.

Projects of the club included compiling the SCITS Directory, checking at various affairs such as the Kiwanis travelogues and the Glee Club concert, taking the initiative in the Brush Memorial Fund drive and the purchasing of ten-year pins for the teachers.

Members have their nights of revelry too. Once or twice a year they have a social night in the school and play floor hockey, volleyball and basketball and go

swimming. Every week two boys go to the Kiwanis meeting, and in November the entire Club went to "Key Club Night" at the Golf Course, sponsored by the Kiwanis Club.

Other projects this year included the "Dinosaur Dingle", which drew large crowds on February 4 and the Boys Athletic Dance and running the Freshie Reception for Students' Council in September. (These latter two are described elsewhere). The "Dinosaur Dingle", despite technical difficulties such as lighting problems, was very successful. The boys' gymnasium was decorated like a cave, and cave-men roamed the dance floor at large.

The new executive was inaugurated on March 2, and we can be sure that Keith Trowbridge and his fellow-officers will carry on the good work of the Key Club in the year to come.

DRAMA CLUB

President June Pollard
Secretary John Brundritt
Treasurer Sylvia Smith (resigned)
Stan Percival

This year the Drama Club was once more stirred to activity. The Secretary drew up a constitution at the beginning of the year and a drive for new members was put on. As a result the Club was able to present two one-act plays to the student body, prepare a quiz programme for CHOK during education week, and produce one of the very best dances of the year "Footlight Frolics". Money from this semi-formal spring dance was placed in the treasury to be used by next year's club to produce a full length play.

The two short plays produced this year, "The Laughing Ghost" and "Scrambled Eggs" were received by a very enthusiastic audience in the special Christmas and Easter assemblies.

Mrs. Ashman was the staff advisor this year.

Other activities of the Club included play-reading one night a month and ushering for all Sarnia Drama League plays.

ODDS 'N ENDS

The School Band and Orchestra deeply felt the loss of Mr. Brush, who died in the last hours of 1954 after thirty-five years of faithful service to the school.

The Camera Club was going to get started this year under the direction of Mr. Piche, but since Roger Bradley was the only conscientious member, the Club folded up. We hope that the Club will be re-organized next year.

The cheer-leaders, under captain Barb Dustan and co-captain Ruth Ann Westover had a very successful year. They accompanied the football team to out-of-town games as well as home games, and brought out school spirit with their new yells and old.

On March 1 and 2 the biology class dissected two double-injected embalmed cats. This is the first year that this has been on the course, and apparently the class was delighted.

The Dominion Marksmen rifle team has been shooting for awards after school on Wednesdays under Mr. Mendizabal's supervision.

The cadet rifle team has been shooting on Monday afternoons. Their range officer is Mr. Little.

Alberta Cranmer won the public-speaking contest in the school and later came in second in the competition between district schools. The topic of her speech was "Traffic Safety".

NO. 102 SARNIA CADET CORPS

ANNUAL INSPECTION — 1954

On Friday, May 14, 1954, the fifty-first annual inspection of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School Cadet Corps was carried out by Colonel Richard J. Kent, deputy Commander of 407 8th Defence Wing, Selfridge Air Force Base, U.S.A. Commanding Officer of the Corps was Cadet Lieut.-Col. Harry Waite. After the ceremonial drill, the Cadets presented demonstrations of rifle, battery, and section drill, first aid, radio-telephone communications, Bren gun drill, and artillery drill with the 25-pound guns. Colonel Kent de-

scribed the discipline of the Cadets as "exemplary", and complimented the boys upon the excellent spirit in which they carried out their manoeuvres.

The Inspecting Party included Lieut.-Col. J. H. Coleman, Major W. E. Lee of London, Major Jack Williams, Major Frank Payne, Lieut. A. P. Rankine of London, and the chairman of the Sarnia Board of Education, Mr. Percy Gilbert. Presentations were as follows: the Michael E. Harris Memorial Trophy to the outstanding Cadet, to Cadet Major Orm. Kemp; the Strathcona award for the best shot to Cadet Captain Henry Gladney; and the Best Section Award to Number 3 Section.

SIGNALS

The Signalling team of our Corps won the Moyer Trophy for the third successive year. This trophy is presented to the best team of twelve Cadets in Western Ontario Area. The examination was conducted by Lieut. Beaton, Area Signals Officer, and included tests in Morse code, in knowledge of radio and telephone equipment, and in voice procedure. The members of the team were Henry Gladney (Captain); Bill Duffield, J. Brown, J. Warkentin, David Johnston, E. Manning, T. Dow, B. Robinson, M. Wood, G. Bethune, O. Kemp, and J. Carr.

RIFLE SHOOTING

Teams from our Cadet Corps were entered in the following competitions: The Dominion of Canada Rifle Association winter series, The Royal Military College competition, The Youth of the Empire Match, The Ontario Rifle Association Competition, and the Dominion Marksmen competitions. As well as these matches, many cadets fired on the range during the annual classification and for recreational shooting awards. A practice was conducted at the Ipperwash range for those who wished to try the .303-inch rifles.

GENERAL EFFICIENCY RATING

For its work throughout the school year ending June 30th, 1954, our Corps was given a rating of 91.5 percent by Area Headquarters. This placed us second in Western Ontario, and only a fraction of one percent behind the winners on the Strathcona Trophy.

SUMMER CAMPS

Sarnia was again well represented at all the summer Cadet camps. It is unfortunate that there is no longer accommodation at camp for all Cadets who wish to attend. 12 took the Senior Leaders' Course at Camp Ipperwash, 8 qualified as Driver-Mechanics and 3 as Signal Operators at Camp Borden, and Cadet Captain Henry Gladney won a trip to the National Cadet Camp at Banff, Alberta.



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Front Row left to right—B. McDonald, Jack Warkentin, Bruce Gates, Dave Johnston

Back Row left to right—C. Lewis, Don Hunter, Mr. Little, Stewart Britton, D. Chalmers

**SIGNALLERS**

Front Row left to right—Dave Johnston, Bill Duffield, Jack Warkentin, Eric Manning

Standing left to right—John Carr, John Smith, Bill Bush, Tom Dow, Ed. Brogden

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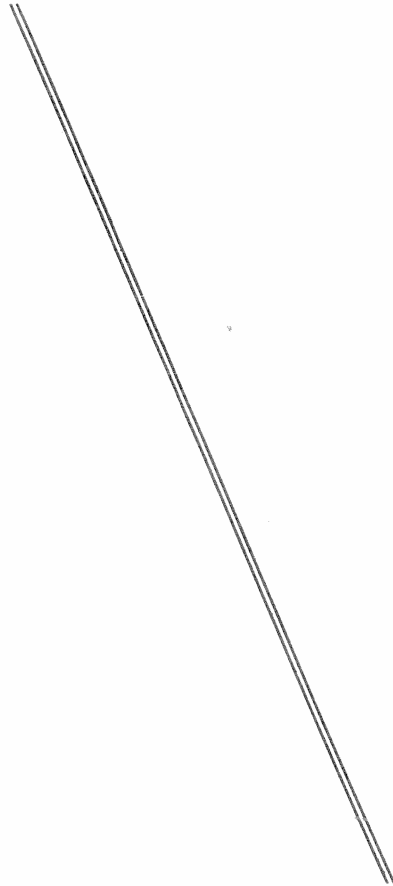
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FORM NEWS^{RP}

12-A, SCHOOL BORED

"If you can do it tomorrow, why do it today?"

That would be the motto if 12-A had its way.

Although we'd rather sleep than work,
It's off to school without a shirk.

A good dose of French begins every day;
English comes next with its "shall, will or may."

Latin translations were not meant for me,
Stories of Caesar and what used to be.

Then come the triangles, circles and squares,

Not having them done causes gray hairs.

The next few minutes are spent in History,
Though czars and kings are all a mystery.

Starvation time, and thoughts of lunch,
To German trods our happy bunch.

A short-lived freedom just after we eat,
Then up to the dark-room for Physics we meet.

Now opens the door, and in comes the roar.
We battle our way down to the first floor—

Best time of all, for now it's P. T.

And all the rest of the day is free.

The schoolday is over and everyone's weary;

What other life could be so dreary?

The sole consolation could only be

That to-day is Friday, and now we are "free."

Don Scott

12-B IN '63

Come on folks. Climb into our rocket
and let's travel round to see what has become of the 1954-55 class of 12-B.

Our first stop is the General Hospital in Toronto where we find Bob Armstrong, a

Maple Leaf Star, suffering with a broken nose, presumably received from playing hockey. His room is gaily decorated with flowers from his ardent fans and if we look closely we'll notice that the biggest basket of roses is signed, "Miss Wilson". We all remember how well those two got along.

If we take a peak into the operating room, there is Michael Prior, surgeon, amputating the big toe nail of Gloria Guthrie. Mike is still wearing a certain Dorothy Wheatley's school ring on his baby finger. This fellow had the title of H.C.P. (History Class Pest) back in '54.

Now zooming back to Sarnia we find Dick Hamilton performing the wedding ceremony of Grace Leckie to a Mr. J. B. Dick's clergyman's gown is rather short revealing the fact that he has his hockey outfit on. That's quite a combination. The bride looked lovely in tan riding breeches and carrying a horseshoe of roses.

While we're still in Sarnia I'll mention the fact that Mayor Nelson Brown is still in office. In good old S.C.I. a light burns 'till the wee hours of the morning. Here Robert Elford, chemist, is experimenting on a rocket, said to be capable of going to the moon.

Mr. Dennis is writing a new secondary school physics book, or, I should say, is dictating it to his secretary, who is scribbling it down. Hey, lets move in a little closer. Believe it or not, that's Marie Atkinson who is his little secretary. She got quite a lot of practice writing Physics notes in '54. Remember.

Sheila McLeod is swimming instructress at the Y.M.C.A. and, from what I hear is quite successful.

Back again at the collegiate we hear the old familiar squeak of Ross Dougherty's shoes. He's principal now. (Miss Wilson, he really went through with it). At the present he's reprimanding an algebra teacher for not teaching the five correct methods of studying. (By the way this happens to be Marie Prudom.) 12-B turned out another fine teacher, namely, Judy Tinsley. I hear she's quite strict with her pupils concerning punctuality and notes. Edna Watts is teaching away up north but (and this is from check reliable sources) is still coming home week-ends in her "Austin" to keep her Saturday night baby sitting job. Anyone can guess who keeps her company.

12-B has also turned out some fine stalwart military men. They are as follows: Gerald Izzard (cook), Les Robertson, Gerry Veness, Don Williamson, Don Watt and Barbara Wellard. Oh yes, at the end of the line we find Bill Fraser still up to his old tricks (pockets bulging with chocolate bars). How did Barbara Wellard get mixed up in this? Well, ever since she met a sergeant's son, she has been in love with the army.

Now folks, remember shy little Shirley Scott, petite Margaret White and those geniuses Betty Thurston and Marcia Lampman? Well, they're all happily hitched and have taken up their household duties. Up at Loblaw's we find Richard Vanderburgh, assistant manager now. He has worked himself up from the bottom. Back in '54 he was parcel boy. Richard tells us that Bill Duffield has taken over his father's job as traffic cop, so I guess we'd better zip out of here before we get a ticket.

Next stop is Hollywood. Yes, believe it or not, 12-B has produced two very famous stars, namely the two Gails, Bulman and Legate. They have their own T.V. programme called, "Your Favourite English Teachers."

Pat Paterson, star history student, along with assistant Pat McInnis, is a skilled archaeologist. She's over in Greece right now excavating to try to discover another city under Troy.

We find that angel of a Jane Cocarell still looking after her little saint.

Now I suppose that this would be a fitting place to introduce to you the pilot and mechanic of our little rocket, and also our

sponsor, who made this trip possible. They are, in order of mentioning, Nadine Struthers, Keith Gark and "Dr. Samuel Cohens' Clean Shave Razor Blades."

Now, I guess that takes care of everybody except Burt Hamilton (no relation to the previous Dick), Kenneth Fleet and Bob Alexander. These three "men" remain a dark secret, as no news has been heard from them in the last five years. "The Foreign Legion?" Perhaps.

Well, that's our review of 12-B. We're landing in a few minutes, hope you've enjoyed the ride.

Marilyn Dawson.

12-C

I'm a newshound and this morning I am to cover that famous institution S.C.I. and T.S. This is my story of the best form in the school.

Waiting patiently in the hall by room 314, is Bill Muir, a noted athlete and scholar, and a member of that famous team, "The Sarnia Legionnaires."

As Mr. Dennis walks down the hall, and enters the room, Bill Pearson, one of Sarnia's better physicists and mathematicians, runs in, opens his note book and placidly attempts his homework.

The door opens and two feminine faces appear. Misses Pat Rawlings and Mary Therriault enter the room. Pat looks fresh and eager to battle her Latin and French. Mary, from the heart of the great metropolis, Point Edward, talks excitedly of her bus being on time.

Four masculine figures pass the front door and enter into our select group. Wayne Colbourne, Gary Laidlaw, Bill Randolph and Jim Edgar. Wayne is a gridiron and basketball star, while Gary prefers the higher cultures of life, such as not doing his homework and provoking Mr. Dennis. Bill is a future civil servant and family man. Jim "Dusty" Edgar, a happy go lucky Spanish student, talks of football news.

Pat Thrower and Gail Marshall enter, talking of only one subject. Many of Gail's interests lie in the football team and Point Edward. Pat is known as Mendy's "Patricia" and his greatest source of income from Mr. Jensen.

Dianne Wade and Ann Borrowman peer around the door hoping Wayne and his col-

leagues aren't looking. Dianne is famous for the words, "It seems so lonely without Goose." Ann's extra-curricular activities include Teen Town, other organizations of the "Y", and K.F.

John McNeil and John Carr stroll in. John Carr is a cadet officer and a member of the Key Club and Gleen Club. John McNeil is a budding chemist.

Mary Lou and Donna arrive discussing current events. Mary Lou is on the magazine with many outside interests, Donna loves her Geometry periods and her famous clubs.

Anne McCallum and Sharon Jones arrive excitedly talking of Physics problems. Sharon has worked hard this term and has received good marks. Anne is still trying to figure out those problems.

Christa Pfief followed by David Skeleton take their places in the hall of the "Immortals" of 12-C. Christa has learned her English well and has secured good marks since her arrival. David is an all-round athlete and a member of the school and army cadet band.

Pat Norwod, Jean McTaggart and Marilyn Simmons arrive to start another day of education. Pat is a girl interested in "Y" clubs. Marilyn tries hard for her Spanish and will get it if she works hard. Jean has trouble with her language, but works hard anyway.

Murray James and Bob Marsh stroll in with bus late slips from the office. They are greeted by cries of welcome from desk 8. Bob is one of Mr. Mendizabal's favourite mathematicians and is a great aid to B. W. in geometry. Murray is a great aid to Bob in History. A member of the Calf Club, he occupies a permanent seat in the assembly hall.

Ruth Hardy and Lorna Malmstedt scamper in and take their seats. Both girls are members of the Calf Club and are keen students.

Now you will realize why 12-C is the best form in the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School.

Bob Wright.

11-A

We Predict 1965 Will Find

Eric Anderson — trying to keep awake
 Ed Brogden — teaching English in 310
 Dick Debbibr—champion Snakes and Ladder player
 Mike Smith — Mayor of New York City
 Bill Palmer — Manager of Walker Bros. Ltd.
 Mo Sanders — Centre for Minneapolis Quakers
 Tony Churchman — married to French widow
 Maurice Fulcher — world's champion weight lifter
 Ed Capes — still trying to lose weight
 Eric Manning — playing Captain Video on T.V.
 Don Hunter — playing hockey for Old Timers
 Jonn Logie — a crazy psychiatrist
 Mel Berger — with half interest in 402 club
 Mike Holland — will weigh 97 lbs.
 D. Hargin — chief engineer for Seemore & Doolittle
 Stan Robinson — still flying model airplanes
 Glen Stinson — still trying to make a mistake
 Joe Zaal — still trying to get a belt to fit his chest
 Ron Simmons — a dashing brunette
 Ron Evans — a 5 star general in U.S. army
 Ron Ducken — still a bachelor and chasing women
 Fred Fordyce — 6 ft. 7 ins. tall
 Ed Phelps — a hen-pecked husband
 John Kuindersma — will own the Empire State Building
 Mundert Wolff — flunking Grade 11 English
 Jim Ayres — teaching his children to be bachelors
 Bill Porter — Egyptian Sulton with 8 wives
 Ann Oldnam — a hen-pecking wife
 Pat Smith — owner of Smithy's Gym for Women
 Wrestlers
 Lester Laird — making boy's records for R.C.A.
 Victor
 Tom Dow — Paramount's best actor
 Shirley Ann Phibbs — in partnership with P. Smith
 June Wright — married to an 80 year old millionaire
 H. Van Rooyen — modelling French Bikinis
 Gavin Hall — blowing whistles on street corners
 Keith Trowbridge — first class bigamist
 Bill Armstrong — elephant trainer for Baily Bros. Circus

11-C

The things the members of our class are noted for

Betty Ayres — the way she bats her eye lashes
 Ann MacIntosh — her dimples
 Ann Fraser — her beautiful big brown blinkers
 Joan Borrowman — her striped bathing suit
 Linda Eaton—"Lindy"; Marilyn Windeat—"Windy";
 Lucille Polak—"Poley"; Nancy Richardson
 "Richie"—they look innocent, but their
 French sentences prove differently
 Elizabeth Lennox — a true red-headed librarian
 Shirley Gordon — her cute turned up nose
 Carol Ann MacKinnon — her black hair
 Patti Plazer — water skiing, I suppose
 Jim Fay (Fox) — the delectable chips he makes at
 the "Y".
 Cam Lewis — ooh, our form news representative
 has a beautiful voice
 Bob McDonald — what a chemist?
 Dick Kirk — our mathematician if tomorrow
 David Smith — are we glad he came back from
 England
 Peter McPhail — you didn't know he was in our
 form did you? Neither did we, 'till he
 sneezed one day

Dick Maxfield — Bob Porter — without them our chemistry classes just wouldn't be the same
 Wade Jarvis — blue eyes and Linda
 Jim Kernahan — he looks like a movie star, which one we can't decide
 Peter Dunlop — he is one of those boys who tries to show us how strong he is by running up and down the foot-ball field carrying a chain
 Ian Dunlop — he is the other
 Bob Smithers — to be or not to be, a physicist or a hot rod driver
 Don Chalmers — Cam Lewis — the "Two Mouse-keteers" go "Mouse Hunting" on Stag Island
 Lynn Myers — what a boy, basketball, curling, golfing and wolfing?
 Marilyn Brynas — modelling bathing suits for Mr. Norfolk
 Mable Willis — because of Nancy and her blond hair, 99.999% of the boys in our room have one way tickets to "Little Rock"
 Irene Frazer — her father's car and Eddie
 Carol Brown — personality, popularity, pleasantness, plus she's a panic
 Vivian Thompson — shipper of to-day, sailor of tomorrow
 Ron Jackson — the red truck comes in useful doesn't it Vic, I mean Ron
 Bill Kilbourne — born to kill
 His mustache gives the girls a thrill,
 To become a man is the wish of Bill,
 But we've a feeling he never will.
 Irene Frazer, Carol Brown, Nancy Irvin

WHAT'S IN A NAME — 11D

Driving through the WOODS at RON-DEAU, I saw a beautiful WILLOWBY the lake under which a WELSH lady ANDERSON was seated eating a savoury dish of RICE and LINK sausage. I looked out over the lake and saw a sand BARR which reminded me of the one I had seen at KINGSTON near the GARRISON. I continued on my way to FERGUSON NO. 6 highway and registered at a hotel where I spent the rest of the evening reading a book called "The Love Affairs of Mr. CROCKARD," by STEPHENSON. The next morning some friends met me, ALLAN time and away we went to the TAYLOR shop to get some GIBSON girl costumes for the masquerade party we were attending that evening. "WILLIS Highness the King be at the dance this evening?" a friend asked. "We shall LEARNE that when we arrive," I replied.

As we approached the ballroom later through the clear EYRE came the strains of a waltz by WAGNER. DUNHAM, the dignified butler, opened the portals wide

and said in his sweet melodic voice, "LA-THEM duds in the HALWACKS the other wraps, and come on in. Join in the HUTCHISON hopscotch. Our costumes were so attractive that we thought we would win the prize until we saw that his majesty was dressed as a FULCHER. We were tied for the prize, so, to decide the winner we had to HOPWOOD tables up and down the hall but the king had brought his pogo stick and because he was such a CHATER he won. We were disgusted, so, one of my friends said, "Let's go back to the hotel, I wonder WATSON television."

By Beverley Learne

C-12 A PRESENTS "THE MEDIC"

This case concerns a frequent disease among the students of C 12 A, "schoolitus phoebia".

Surgery was to commence at 8.15 in Ward 114. Nurses Sally Earl, Marjorie Earl, Mariea Everingham, Arelen Dougherty and Joyce Churcher were busy putting on their make-up for the operation, which of course was to be televised. Suddenly, in tripped Orderly Don Crosbie who caught his foot on the door stopper, landed on the operating cart, was then wheeled across the room and tossed down the laundry-chute. This of course made him a very disorderly Orderly. The patient, Lynn Hinds was then wheeled in and the anaesthetic was administered by Dr. Joy Howson. Next, entered Doctors Merial Haggarty, Marie Long, Alberta Cramner, and Freda Bishop followed by the Doctor in charge, Elspeth Jamieson. Before the program began, the director, Rosemary Fowler drew attention to the fact, that Dr. Howson had passed out while administering the anaesthetic. Next, the cameras were set in place by technicians Donna Janes, Jean Carry, Joan Bailey and Margaret McCord.

At exactly 8.15, Marlene Hanna, our Mistress of Ceremonies, introduced our cast of doctors and nurses. There was a speedy little commercial by Marion Mapletoft and Joan Latner advertising an instant cure of "pediculus capitis", and then the operation began. With her best profile to the cameras, Dr. Jamieson immediately announced that the whole trouble lay in the hypochondrium. There was another slight pause while the doctor waved

at the cameras. The doctors then went into a huddle. Dr. Beal had just remembered a good story. Then the patient woke up and wanted to know what everyone was laughing about and had to be put to sleep again. Meanwhile, the doctors were all very busy sewing up the patient by using the "knit one, pearl two" method. The program then ended with Margaret Mansell, Berlye Brock, Martha Gardiner and Catherine Dixon, all previous patients, singing "Liver, come bacck to me."

The patient has fully recovered but the doctors are still being treated for hysteria.
Shirley Fowler.

C-11-B

Jean Caven

Pastime — Ron C.

Joyce Chaytor

Ambition — To marry Bill D. and raise lots of little D's

Norma Forbes

Pastime — Recuperating from a big night with Bill

Noreen Fox

Pastime — Meeting Sam in the Capitol theatre

Darlyne Fritzley

Pastime — Writing notes to Norma

Carole Gillatly

Asset — Naturally curly hair

Jerry Hart

Pastime — Meeting Ken after school

Jeanette Hawryluk

Ambition — to be able to jump over the horse at gym

Betty Huggett

Ambition — to become Mrs. D. Last and raise little

Lasts

Kay Kinart

Pastime — Talking to Bonnie Joan in history

Carol Leach

Pastime — Little Oakes

Donna Layst

Pastime — Writing notes to Louise

Marilyn MacNeil

Ambition — to become Mrs. Carter and raise little

Carters

Diane McKenna

Pastime — Running into trains

Lana McLean

Asset — A torn gym suit

Nancy Oliver

Future ambition — To become Miss Weir's pet

Nancy Robbins

Ambition — To become Mrs. Bill H.

Ann Rosss

Pastime — Laughing

Ann Laycak

Pastime — Working in the Valdore

Patricia Sameck

Pastime — Borrowing notes

Marlene Saunders

Ambition — To become a pretzel maker

Bonnie Joan Smith

Ambition — To become Mrs. Chaytor

Janice Smith

Ambition — To become Mrs. D. Gibson

Louise Smith

Ambition — To become Mrs. D. Johnson

Arly Stinson

Pastime — Two timing Clint

Dot Thompson

Pastime — Debating with the teacher

Louise Tresseor

Ambition — To become Mrs. M. Miller with 10 kids

Mary Urquart

Pastime — Baby sititng

Teena Veenkamp

Pastime — Unknown

Maureen Walker

Pastime — Catching up on her shorthand

Joan Withers

Future ambition — to become garbage collector

Patsy White

Asset — Dark eyes

Judy Barr

Ambition — To marry a Scientist

Betty Johnston

Pastime — Riding on a motorcycle

Mary DeJong

Ambition — To become a mathemetician

Joan Waddell

Ambition — To grow up to be six feet tall

T-11-B

John "Shag" Allen

Ambition—Radio Technician

Destiny—Janitor at CHOK

Bob "Silent" Allen

Ambition—Engineer

Destiny—Playing with electric trains

Bill "Baldy" Baldock

Ambition—Forest Ranger

Destiny—Beaver Patrol

Lionel "Trains" Bedard

Ambition—Farmer

Destiny—Cherry Picker

Ray "Benny" Benson

Ambition—Woodworker

Destiny—Making Toothpicks

Roy "Butts" Butler

Ambition—Chemist

Destiny—Test Tube Washer in 103

Jerry "Nick" Carter

Ambition—Master Detective

Destiny—Hole in the head

Fred "Keeven" Caven

Ambition—None

Destiny—Still

Wilfred "Wilf" Chapple

Ambition—Guitar player

Destiny—Winding a toy music box

Gilbert "Gil" Cook

Ambition—Another Willy Hop

Destiny—Heather R.

Ken "Liby" Cutbush

Ambition—To be like Mr. Coombs

Destiny—303

Dill "Dagwood" Dagg

Ambition—To take out Nancy W.

Destiny—Married to Nancy W. and little Daggs

Jim "James" DeGurse

Ambition—Farmer

Destiny—Ditch Digger

Keith "Dagnet" Dew

Ambition—Women

Destiny—Dogs

Jack "Smasher" Druett
Ambition—Cleveland Indians
Destiny—Moore Centre

Tom "Egg" Eady
Ambition—Draftsman
Destiny—Cartoonist

Orrin "Baby Face" Farr
Ambition—To get out of machine shop
Destiny—To finish his plumb-bob

Paul "Fosdick" Foster
Ambition—Manager Sarnia Arena
Destiny—Ice cleaner

George "Mary" Fraser
Ambition—Architect
Destiny—Building bird houses

Kelvin "Cal" Gadd
Ambition—To get a new car
Destiny—'30 Chrysler

Larry "Horse?" Guthrie
Ambition—Millionaire
Destiny—Bum

Bill "Dutch" Davies
Ambition—All American
Destiny—All Bulgarian

Ron "Gabby" Hayes
Ambition—Nil
Destiny—Nil

Wayne "Bump" Horner
Ambition—O.R.F.U.
Destiny—Point Edward Rats

Ken "Tiny" Hyatt
Ambition—Hair like Liberace
Destiny—Bald

Jim "Latem" Lathem
Ambition—To see the world
Destiny—Courtright

Ray "Frenchie" LeLievre
Ambition—Machinist
Destiny—Cleaning Labs at Auto-Lite

Gary "Igor" Martin
Ambition—Big time gangster
Destiny—jewel mob

Donald "Don" Merritt
Ambition—Chemist
Destiny—Married

Donald "Don" Osborne
Ambition—Welder
Destiny—P.W.C. little boy

Harvey "Mungo" Park
Ambition—Explorer
Destiny—Wild lands of R.R. 1

Pete "Slim" Pasmore
Ambition—Banker
Destiny—Bank robber

Brian "Crusoe" Robinson
Ambition—Cruise to Southern Seas
Destiny—Stranded on an island

Norm "Jungle" Ross
Ambition—Wild animal trainer
Destiny—Flea circus

Ken "Simple" Simpson
Ambition—Einstein
Destiny—Dimwit

Bob "Hugo" Stranway
Ambition—Weight lifter
Destiny—Water tester

Jim "Jimmy" Struthers
Ambition—To get rid of Power
Destiny—Power got rid of him

Ron "Animal" Taylor
Ambition—Transport driver
Destiny—Selling toy trucks

John "Skinny" Verbeen
Ambition—Draftsman
Destiny—Space cadet

Norm "Spider" Webb
Ambition—Senior Sailors
Destiny—Juvenile stick boy

Bob "Willy" Wilson
Ambition—Women
Destiny—Usher at the Park

Ron "Creep" Young
Ambition—Mounted Police
Destiny—Foreign Legion

T-11-C

Bob "Soupy" Wales
Favourite saying—Gimme a weed
Pastime—Hitching buses in winter
Pet Peeve—Timetable

Gord "Mert" McDonald
Favourite Saying—I dont know
Pastime—A.J.
Destiny—Campbell Street
Pet Peeve—Room 105

Joe Wood
Favourite Saying—Hi soup
Pastime—Charlie's Chop Suey Palace
Destiny—Sitting in corner in welding
Pet Peeve—Room 105

Bill Little
Favourite Saying—Got that math done yet, Mert?
Pastime—St. Paul's Gym
Destiny—Mad chemist
Pet Peeve—Sheet metal

Ross Murray
Favourite Saying—Somebody goofed
Pastime—Walking home
Destiny—Walking home
Pet Peeve—Walking home

Wayne Coyne
Favourite Saying—Stop Joe
Pastime—Electricity
Destiny—Electrocuted
Pet Peeve—People who say "nasty break"

Larry Pullin
Favourite Saying—There goes one
Pastime—Hunting
Destiny—Getting shot
Pet Peeve—Skinning rabbits

Norm DeMeyer
Favourite Saying—Go, man, go!
Pastime—Hunting
Destiny—I wouldn't know
Pet Peeve—Timetable

Bob "Bones" Saunders
Favourite Saying—Let's go
Pastime—Trying to drive dad's car
Destiny—Still trying
Pet Peeve—Father always says no

Joe Wilson
Favourite Saying—I'll hit you so hard they'll
have to shoot you
Pastime—Women
Destiny—None
Pet Peeve—School

Denis Adamson

Favourite Saying—I love Bosco
 Pastime—Women
 Destiny—DAC Boy's Club
 Pet Peeve—Casper

Casper Boyas

Favourite Saying—Make mine Pfeiffer's
 Pastime—Boxing
 Destiny—Kiwanis Boy's Club
 Pet Peeve—Adamson

Lorne Butler

Favourite Saying—"What's that you say Mac?"
 and "Want a heat?"
 Pastime—Customizing dad's car and driving
 wheelbarrows
 Destiny—Wixie's Wonderland
 Pet Peeve—Fat women

Gerald "Cookie" Vincent

Favourite Saying—Let's go
 Pastime—Chasing the weaker sex
 Destiny—Motorcycle driver
 Pet Peeve—Milking cows

Bill Kilbreath

Favourite Saying—Cut the foolishness
 Pastime—Pin Ball machines at the Bowling Alley
 Destiny—Unknown
 Pet Peeve—School hours

Don Sweet

Favourite Saying—What a wing-ding
 Pastime—Sore feet
 Destiny—Petrolia or the "Y"
 Pet Peeve—Kids under 14 at the "Y"

Sev Meubauer

Favourite Saying—N'yes indeedee
 Pastime—Boy's Club
 Destiny—Draftsman
 Pet Peeve—Getting up early to go to school

Don Roberts

Favourite Saying—Hi ya babe!
 Pastime—Carol
 Destiny—Getting married
 Pet Peeve—Guys looking at Carol

Gene Pyne

Favourite Saying—Beat it, punk!
 Pastime—At home
 Destiny—Getting out of school
 Pet Peeve—Me

Fred Fletcher

Favourite Saying—Here, here, enough of that!
 Pastime—Going to and from the Sarnia General
 Hospital
 Destiny—Counterspy for SCI & TS
 Pet Peeve—Getting out of bed

Keith Thompson

Favourite Saying—
 Pastime—Selling negligees at Reitman's
 Destiny—Combing beaches for girls
 Pet Peeve—Math

Howard Rummerfield

Favourite Saying—Banana nose
 Pastime—Port Huron
 Destiny—Pool shark
 Pet Peeve—Getting beaten in pool

Alfred Mitchel

Favourite Saying—Let's get going
 Pastime—Sleeping

Ron "Sarge" McDougall

Favourite Saying—Look at them go
 Pastime—In cadet uniform
 Destiny—The moon

Ran Lea

Destiny—Finish school
 Pet Peeve—Girls

Carl Wilson

Favourite Saying—What a gilly gally bird
 Pastime—Chasing opposite sex
 Destiny—Irish washerwoman
 Pet Peeve—Gilly gally birds

Meville "Mellie" Rampley

Favourite Saying—What a brownie
 Pastime—Pool
 Destiny—House
 Pet Peeve—Pool sharks

Ken Martin "Marty"

Favourite Saying—watch it Mac or I will break you in
 two

Pastime—V.J.S.
 Destiny—Kathleen Ave.
 Pet Peeve—wise guys

Bob Kerwin

Favourite Saying—I'll be a dirty bird
 Pastime—Electricity
 Destiny—electrocuted
 Pet Peeve—Welding teacher

John Kampstra

Favourite Saying—read your sheets
 Destiny—eo earn a living
 Pet Peeve—auto teacher

10-2**Ken Baker**

Noted For—Nothing in particular
 Ambition—He won't tell
 Destiny—Farmer

Gerald Burr

Noted For—Looking sideways
 Ambition—N.H.L.
 Destiny—Bachelor

Jim Cater

Noted For—Dating Marilyn
 Ambition—He doesn't know
 Destiny—Art Carney

Bill Climie

Noted For—His Model A
 Ambition—Cadillac
 Destiny—I doubt it

Mike Donahue

Noted For—Brains
 Ambition—Finding out what's what in electricity
 Destiny—Electrician

Ken Dwenell

Noted For—Just plain Ken
 Ambition—Farming
 Destiny—Farmer

Jim Farris

Noted For—Being Jim
 Ambition—Who knows?
 Destiny—Maybe

Bill Griffin

Noted For—Untying shoelaces
 Ambition—Shoemaker
 Destiny—A heel

Don Haney

Noted For—Quietness
 Ambition—Doing nothing
 Destiny—Still

Steve Hlinka

Noted For—His crazy haircut
 Ambition—? ? ?
 Destiny—Can't figure it

Rod Hodgson

Noted For—His accent
Ambition—Science
Destiny—Scientist

Gord Houston

Noted For—Taking it easy
Ambition—Drafting in Chemical Valley Lab.
Destiny—He'll make it

Doug Hughs

Noted For—Clowning
Ambition—Space cadet
Destiny—Arm chair

Ken Jewitt

Noted For—Looking at the clock in 205
Ambition—? ? ?
Destiny—Jack of all trades

Jack Lester

Noted For—Talking
Ambition—Sweeping floors
Destiny—Manager of Dominion

Rogers McKenny

Noted For—Wavy hair
Ambition—Carpenter
Destiny—Caretaker

Stew McLeod

Noted For—Songs in dressing room
Ambition—Making fun of E.E.C.
Destiny—E & R Shoe Store

Cal Marsh

Noted For—Leaning back in 205
Ambition—Judge
Destiny—Sing Sing

Bill Minelly

Noted For—What for sin?
Ambition—Man
Destiny—Mouse

Charley Hunter

Noted For—Loud noise in 305
Ambition—Broadcaster
Destiny—Can't get a license

Ed Last

Noted For—Excuses for being late
Ambition—Being on time
Destiny—Bellhop

Jim Bennet

Noted For—Tales about the Moose Hall
Ambition—Movie star
Destiny—Prop man

Vince Cornell

Noted For—Sharp
Ambition—Nothing in particular
Destiny—Educated bum

Wilson Plain

Noted For—His sun tan
Ambition—Chief
Destiny—? ? ?

Gerald Robinson

Noted For—High marks in drafting
Ambition—Draftsman
Destiny—Running blueprint machines

Emerson Roger

Noted For—Boxing
Ambition—Boxer
Destiny—Time keeper

Al Scott

Noted For—Shooting at wrong basket
Ambition—? ?
Destiny—Shooting at right basket

Jim Simpson

Noted For—5 feet
Ambition—Robin Hood
Destiny—Little John

Orv Smith

Noted For—Cement mixing
Ambition—Contractor
Destiny—Still cement mixing

Fred Stute

Noted For—Pressing pants
Ambition—Graduating from Grade 10
Destiny—Partnership with P.W.C. in the Dry Cleaning business

George Suboni

Noted For—Dork wavy hair
Ambition—Bachelor
Destiny—Married

Ron Sutton

Noted For—Being late in gym class
Ambition—His own Hot Rod
Destiny—Soapbox

Ken Tuckey

Noted For—Sleeping during English in 306
Ambition—Testing mattresses
Destiny—Growing blue grass

Bill White

Noted For—Going to Florida
Ambition—Getting same Florida sunshine
Destiny—California smog

Kirk Wilson

Noted For—Arguing with Mr. Corner
Ambition—Getting out of Grade 9 electricity
Destiny—Just getting out

Ed Winter

Noted For—Corny jokes
Ambition—To figure out Mr. Topper's theories
Destiny—People are funny

Bob Paul

Noted For—Agreeing with Mr. Topper
Ambition—Getting 100 in Science
Destiny—Getting 50

Ken Waters

Noted For—Funny jokes
Ambition—Another Soupy Sales (Sails)
Destiny—White Fang

Charles Webster

Noted For—Seeing Mr. Billingsley
Ambition—Hookey
Destiny—? ? ?

Dick Thompson

Noted For—His money
Ambition—Millionaire
Destiny—Counterfeiting

Lynn Withers

Noted For—His ability
Ambition—Track star
Destiny—Spectator

10-7

Gail McKattie

Asset—Baby blue eyes
Pastime—Need you ask?
Saying—Guess who I like now?
Future—Little hockey stars

Donalda Passingham

Asset—A mole
Pastime—Fixing her hair
Saying—Oh horrors!
Future—Fixing her kids' hair

Emily Purton

Asset—Those eyes
 Pastime—Seeing Johnny
 Saying—Ohhhhh Johnny, heavens!
 Future—A mother of 12

Don Robley

Asset—His good looks
 Pastime—Learning to jive
 Saying—Soupy's on!
 Future—A mambo teacher

Ron Sandham

Asset—Dainty laugh
 Pastime—Laughing
 Saying—Isn't that funny
 Future—Still laughing

Vida Shortt

Asset—Jewellery
 Pastime—Ken
 Saying—Is that ever crazy!
 Future—Seven little M's

Ronald Sim

Asset—Fancy ties
 Saying—Nothing
 Future—Being a tie salesman

Shirley Strangway

Asset—Her dimples
 Pastime—Playing piano
 Saying—I don't care
 Future—Second Liberace

Bob 'Power' Struthers

Asset—Freckles
 Pastime—Bothering Gail in Miss Weir's room
 Saying—That figure
 Future—Mr. Pat Harris

George Svrabich

Asset—Brains
 Pastime—Weight lifting
 Saying—Ohh, my stomach!
 Future—Bouncer

Shirley Temple

Asset—Blonde hair
 Pastime—Writing to Sid
 Saying—Oh Donald!
 Future—Mrs. T.

June Tibbett

Asset—Figure
 Pastime—Writing letters to ?
 Saying—I don't know
 Future—Still too shy

Doreen Trowbridge

Asset—Those innocent eyes
 Pastime—Talking
 Saying—Hurry, Jo we're late

Carol McKenzie

Asset—Her tiny feet
 Pastime—Ken
 Saying—Oh, well!
 Future—The mother of four little P's

Harold Waters

Asset—Getting along with teachers
 Pastime—Taking out girls
 Saying—What? ?
 Future—Can't say

Carol Williams

Asset—Long hair
 Pastime—Watching that skip curl
 Saying—Oh please!
 Future—Mrs. ?

Derek Watson

Asset—His lips
 Pastime—Helping Ross flirt
 Saying—Miss Weir, are you going to the hockey game tonight?
 Future—Miss Weir's butler

Clare Wilson

Asset—His smile
 Pastime—Corny jokes
 Saying—Did you hear this one?
 Future—Lady barber

Dave Bending

Asset—A brush cut
 Pastime—Pin boy
 Saying—Miss Weir, Dave won't sit still
 Future—Postmaster

Mary Brown

Asset—Blue eyes
 Pastime—Looking for Allen
 Saying—Holy Hanna!
 Future—Some little Scotts

Glen Burley

Assets—Shot gun
 Pastime—Hunting
 Saying—So what?
 Future—Big game hunter

Ruth Ann Burr

Asset—High marks
 Pastime—Skating
 Saying—You're doing it, not me
 Future—Who knows?

Doug Catt

Asset—Blonde hair
 Pastime—Sleeping
 Saying—(The Silent Type)
 Future—Detective on the Police Force

Ron Coates

Asset—Long red underwear
 Pastime—Fixing motor bike
 Saying—I haven't got it done!
 Future—Motor cycle cop

Wes Dabanovich

Asset—Big brown eyes
 Pastime—Assembly Billiards
 Saying—Don't get excited
 Future—Janitor at Pool Hall

Ross Dark

Asset—Those eyes
 Pastime—Flirting
 Saying—Not very nice
 Future—Still flirting

George Duncan

Asset—The voice
 Pastime—Eating
 Saying—Well, well
 Future—Teacher

Richard 'Edgy' Edgeworth

Asset—Black curly hair
 Pastime—Flirting
 Saying—I like blondes, any color
 Future—Chief Waiter at Strathroy

Dick Eskerod

Asset—His clothes
 Pastime—DI. 4-4826
 Saying—I'm not to blame
 Future—Doing homework?

Marlene Fee

Asset—Flirtatious eyes
 Pastime—Looking for?
 Saying—Dash it
 Future—Finding?

Mary Lou Freer

Asset—Her smile

Pastime—Playing cards

Saying—Hey Em, open the locker!

Future—Mrs. D. C.

Dennis Handy

Asset—His curly hair

Pastime—Gus's Pool Room

Saying—Aw, shut up!

Melvin Hillier

Asset—That cute little curl

Pastime—Going to the show

Saying—May I leave the room?

Future—Being a movie star

Joanne James

Asset—Her clothes

Pastime—Meeting Ralph

Saying—I'll never tell

Future—Mrs. S.

David Langdon

Asset—Has he got one?

Pastime—Working at Macklin's

Saying—Wow

Future—Being janitor at Macklin's

Peter Leaver

Asset—That personalitly

Pastime—Dianna

Saying—Mmm mm good morning

Future—A devoted husband

Angus MacDonald

Pastime—Drawing

Saying—%?"& \$?!(;

Future—Ditch digger

Barb MacNeill

Asset—That come-hither look

Pastime—Jack

Saying—Anytime now

Future—Keeping house

Sandra Scarf—Just ask me, I'll tell you.

Pat Smith—Still going with Burt.

Gloria Soper—Jim does not go steady.

Cinnie Spencer—Parky and I had another fight.

Ruby Wurgler—Quiet and studious.

Joan Zinick—Sweet sixteen.

Helen Clendening—Good singer.

10-10

"A" is for Atchison whom Miss Davison calls "Sue"

Also for Abra the vocalist of the two.

"B" is for Brenda, the brains of the room,

Also for Beverley who'll send you to your doom.

"C" is for Carols of which we have three,

Also for Cora who's so brilliant and care-free.

"D" is for Dicckie, but of course no bird,

Also for Davis who knows every word.

"E" is for Elaine who is everyones friend.

"G" is for Gail, Barb's to the end.

"H" is for Harding, who is no softie either,

Also for Hemphill, who works like a beaver.

"I" is for Inch, but we haven't any yards

"J" is for two Jeans who with Barb are such cards.

"K" is for Karr, but we haven't a truck,

Also for Knowles who has all the luck.

"L" is for Lynn, who is brightest of all,

"M" is for Marlene who giggles in the hall,

We've also two Marilyns, not even one Joe,

Even a Miller with many a beau.

"O" is for Oakes, inseparable twins,

"P" is for Peters whose team always wins.

We've also two Patricias who are so kind,

"R" is for two Ruths who can't find "peace of mind".

"S" is for Shortts of which we have three,

Who are always having a last cup of tea.

"W" is for Watters who always wants more,

Also for Wilson, whom the teachers adore?

Now all of us make the teachers so sore,

By Barb Watters and Joan Wilbur of 10-10

But we just can't help it,

Cause they're such a bore.

10-9

Beverly Ashton—Always getting her hair done.

Sue Atchison—Not very weird, eh?

Marlene Bailey—Isn't T. Underwood cute?

Mary Barron—You know I'm smart in math.

Sally Bartley—Always trying to sing.

Marlene Batey—How's Ken, Pat?

Dianne Bazeley—I have to meet Dave now.

Joyce Bradley—Hold my glasses, please.

Gail Brooks—Shy, bashful type.

Shirley Bruton—I'm sick of staying in every night.

Shirley Bryant—I really must go to the library.

Marion Coling—Voice like a fog-horn

Brenda Crooks—Frank's coming down tonight.

Carol Cuthbert—Sneaking out at night.

Frances DeBoer—I did not bleach my hair.

Marion Dudley—Still worrying over love-life

Helen Durocher—Always making faces.

May Forsyth—Class bookworm.

Marilyn Gilbert—Who says I'm too young?

Marlynne Hamilton—Boy! did I wreck Bill's car last night.

Pat Harris—Class troublemaker.

Carol Hauston—Let's go by 309.

Shirley King—Well back in Newfoundland, we . . .

Anna Mastert—I sure hope my math's right.

Charlotte Polard—Raising little Pearsons.

Freda Robinson—Always picking a fight.

Marguerite Robinson—Raising little piano players.

Jean Scanlon—Colour blind

10-12**Favourite Pastimes**

Dick Williams—Chewing toothpicks

Betty Lou Hoskin—Sneaking into Latin before the 1.10 bell

Bob Marchen—Talking to girls more often than boys

Irene Munde—Being in the wrong seat during spares

Pat Summers—Doing homework in Science class

Jim Savage—Sleeping in English

Gayle Cox—Peeking through key-holes

Pat Giffels—Driving her Dad's Plymouth

Dave Mackenzie—Carrying a stock of S. R. books

Carol Arundel—Chewing gum

Arlene Lowry—Drawing pictures in Science class

Marilyn Matheson—Jim?

Barb McDonald—Trying to stand on her head in gym

Roland Bouchard—Talking to J.E. in the halls

What would happen if:

Dan Courtney did his Latin homework

George Hamilton was early for German

Jim Payne stopped pestering "Charley"

Margaret Young began saving elastic bands
and spit balls

Ernie Steward told a joke that was funny

Expressions:

Freda Tuckey—Colin, have you got any gum?

Gail Murray—(Ten minutes before class) —

C'mon, I gotta go do my Latin

10-14

George Albinson

Asset—45" waist

Future—Skeleton

Pastime—Reducing

Georgina Barneveld

Asset—Laugh

Future—Domineering wife

Pastime—Spitting

Janet Buxton

Asset—Circular side-burns

Future—Two littl Le's

Pastime—Indoor sports

Paul Charlton

Asset—Short hair cuts

Future—Deep sea diver

Pastime—(Scabey Lunch at Black Market)

Marian Culley

Asset—Hazel eyes

Future—? ? !

Pastime—Arena

Ed Fluter (Picilloe)

Asset—Tiny hands

Future—Marrying a rich American heiress

Pastime—Defeating Bob in Snooker

Karen Fraser

Asset—Dimples

Future—Morge?

Pastime—

Mac Hansen

Asset—Hunch back

Future—Brunton Drugs

Pastime—Cycling

Inge Hurtig

Asset—Good figure

Future—Interpreter

Pastime—"Y"

John King

Asset—Curly eyelashes

Future—Marrying a queen

Pastime—Writing vocabulary

Peter Lambert

Asset—Nice voice

Future—Washing test tubes

Pastime—Cleaning goggles for Mrs. Colbert

Heather MacKenzie

Asset—Small feet

Future—Ballet dancer

Pastime—Reading

Marilyn James

Asset—Bruce

Future—4 little F's

Pastime—Curling Rink

Bob McPherson

Asset—Big feet

Future—Harlem Globetrotters

Pastime—Drooling over M? ?

Ruth Matthews

Asset—Charlie

Future—12 little Charlie's

Pastime—Charlie L

Wanda McLeod

Asset—Long eyelashes

Future—Uncertain

Pastime—Y and ?

Carol MacAskill

Asset—Brown eyes

Future—Nurse

Pastime—Reading

Helen Mall

Asset—A cute nose

Future—Marriage

Pastime—Contortionist

Sylvia Norosad

Asset—Dark brown hair

Future—Violinist

Pastime—French

Michael 'Mike' Noyle

Asset—A real cute guy!!!

Future—A devoted husband to ???

Pastime—Trying to forget ???

Isabell Prendergast

Asset—Curly hair

Future—Teacher of?

Pastime—Movies

Joy Purves

Asset—Flirty eyes

Future—Mrs. H.

Pastime—Boys!

Ethel Russell

Asset—Curley

Future—Mrs. Eliot

Pastime—Gordon

Pat Salts

Asset—Art

Future—Art

Pastime—Art

Bonnie Reeve

Asset—Dimples

Future—Boys

Pastime—Giggling

George Reeves

Asset—Curly hair

Future—Barber

Pastime—Homework

Bill Sim

Asset—Baby blue eyes

Future—? ?

Pastime—Trichers

Isabell Stewart

Asset—Big blue eyes

Future—A Boy???

Pastime—Dancing with?

David Van Alstyne

Asset—Wavy hair

Future—Bachelor

Pastime—Girls

Cathy Vick

Asset—Her personality

Future—Marrying Dave

Pastime—Babysitting with??

Pat White

Asset—Brown eyes

Future—Mrs. V

Pastime—Talking during break

John Viglasky

Asset—Big brother

Future—Farmer

Pastime—Garlic granny

Carl Fleck

Asset—Brown eyes

Future—Police Force

Pastime—Getting kicked out of Wellington St.
Billiards**10-17**

This is the class of 10-17

A group of boys and girls

Just in their teens,

Their names are short, long, and fine,

But none that can compare with mine.

First comes Arnold who's no Benedict,

Then a Crosbie but no Bing,

A Fisher but no Eddie,

And a Holland but no Greece.

Also a Gibson but no Hoot,

A Kitchen but no living-room

A Link but no chain,

And a Parker but no Frank.

A LaMarsh but no swamp,

A Lindsay but no Ted,

A Mason but no Carpenter,

And a Robinson but no Sugar Ray.

This is all, except for a few,

Which I'm sure you" say you knew,

So don't fret and fear, if their names aren't here,

To say hello to you

By Bob Gibson.

10-18Kathy Hovey—To marry a famous "Crosbie" and
not Bing.

Carol Brimley—To walk up the aisle with a "Crutch".

Sandra Kirby—To marry Liberace's brother "George"

Kathy Basta—To swim the English Channel

Dorothy Caven—To be a cancan dancer at the Moulin
Rouge.

Jean Cameron—To marry Mr. B.'s son

Doreen Bothamley—To make dough in Canada Bread.

Shirley Lucas—To live in Jasper Park.

Vera Tranter—To be a second Martha Raye.

Margaret Froud—To be a second school inspector.

Pat Swan—To be the jet plane in Cunningham's
news ace.

Oriole Ehman—To lead the birdland band.

Betty Goldring—To take part in what makes the
world go around a man.

Marilyn Bailey—To beat Margaret in exams.

Carol MacNiell—To join Navy life-saving squad.

Jane Thorner—To marry "Bobo" Olson.

Monica McIntosh—To move to Reeces Corners.

Eleanor Barnes—to be Tom Thumb in a play.

Mary Knowles—To do what she is told in math
class.

Pat Taylor—To be champion bubble gum blower.

Jonina Baileye—To be a trapeze artist in "Bailey"
circus.Mita Magee—To understand what Mr. T. is talking
about.

Barbara MacLachlan—To make herself heard.

Marlene Bendel—To live far up north and entertain
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LEARN Cancer's 7 Danger Signals

1. ANY SORE THAT DOES NOT HEAL.
2. A LUMP OR THICKENING IN THE BREAST OR ELSEWHERE.
3. UNUSUAL BLEEDING OR DISCHARGE.
4. ANY CHANGE IN WART OR MOLE.
5. PERSISTENT INDIGESTION OR DIFFICULTY IN SWALLOWING.
6. PERSISTENT HOARSENESS OR COUGH.
7. ANY CHANGE IN NORMAL BOWEL HABITS.

These symptoms do not always mean Cancer but they should mean a visit to your doctor.

Don't waste precious time worrying and wondering.

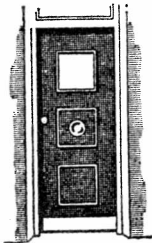
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